THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A LETTER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. F. TUCKER.

The mail it was brought, and quick as a thought
My eager eyes glancing it over,
Saw many a sheet nicely written and neat,
But never a line from my lover.
Yet he said he would write with the greatest delight,
(If he wrote I should likely receive it),
And I like a muff was just silly enough
To listen to his stuff and believe it!
He kissed me you see as fond as could be,
And pretended that he was my debtor;
But now he's away I may wait till I'm gray,
Looking in vain for a letter!

He will think, I suspect, I am ruined and wrecked
By the toss of a treacherous billow;
That I'll wither and pine like a frost-bitten vine
Despondingly wearing the willow.
But bless the dear man! if that is his plan,
He'll find himself grandly mistaken;
I was never so deep nor profoundly asleep,
But that I could readily waken.
Nor ever so bound and encompassed around
With Cupid's insidious fetter,
As to sit for an hour dejected and sour,
Because of the lack of a letter.

Some maidenly face of exquisite grace,
(A charm he is quick to discover),
Has stolen the heart of this Master of Art,
And I am bereft of a lover.
I know how he sits at her side as she knits
At tatting, or toys with a trifle;
And I see how he tries, with his soul in his eyes,
The whispers of conscience to stifle.
Yet nevertheless I will wish her success,
And pray that no sorrow beset her;
For I'd certainly mourn the day I was born,
If I cared for the loss of a letter!

So I threw myself down with a fret and a frown,
(I own it's a horrible habit),
But I'm not the kind of a lady you mind,
Supposed to be meek as a rabbit.
Well, Bridget, what's here: a letter, oh dear!
(I wonder if somebody's smitten?)
I'm sick at the sight of the nonsense they write—
But, bless us! 'tis *he* that has written!
Ah me! only see what a dunce I could be,
To imagine that he were no better;
My darling! my own! how can I atone?
Dear heart! such a love of a letter!

HEARTS ERRANT.

Meantime, in the drawing-room, the ladies chattered as they gathered round the fire to warm their silk-encased feet. Olive busied herself at a table with some stereoscopic slides, finding a strange analogy between the statuesque stillness of the life there represented and her own moods. How often the scenes enacted before her were such a pulseless, bloodless look—seemed exactly such a close representation of the real life she used to live!

By-and-by the gentlemen strolled in in twos and threes, the elder ones bringing with them the fag-ends of the dining-room conversations and discussions, and finishing them over their coffee-cups—the younger men hovering about the ladies, petitioning for music, and otherwise improving their acquaintance. Then a couple of whist-tables were set out—whist was an ordinance at every B——shire dinner-party; such men as Sir Everard Staplewode and Sir Pearse Duncombe, and even Mr. Hailsham, looked for their rubber on such occasions just as they looked for their port and claret. In the general movement to arrange the tables, Olive found her seat by Miss Hetty Burke, in the recess of a bay window. She liked Miss Hetty extremely; there was something in her cheerful simplicity, in her genial single-heartedness, which had won Olive's regard from the beginning of their acquaintance.

"My dear," began Miss Hetty, "you are not looking well."

Olive murmured something about a headache.

"Headache," echoed Miss Hetty; and you are looking pale and thin, my dear. You should take a little quinine—sulphate of quinine, you know—just as much as you can lay on the point of a knife—the extreme point—every morning in a glass of sherry. Now, will you promise me to try that?"

When ladies of kindly dispositions, like Miss Hetty's, pass the period of youth without taking upon themselves the all-engrossing cares of married life, their advancing years are generally marked by the indulgence of two passions—match-making and medicine. Of Miss Hetty her most intimate acquaintance were wont to say that she never took a person entirely to her heart until she had given her a dose of medicine, but from the moment of that event Miss Hetty's friendship might be relied upon. The loving-kindness which had been denied the supreme exercise of conjugal and maternal duties flowed out in universal prescriptions, most of which, being harmless, were good-naturedly accepted by her acquaintance.

Olive, however, resisted the quinine.

"I am quite well, thank you, Miss Hetty," she persisted. "You know the weather has been so wretched lately, and I am pining for fresh air."

Which was true. She would have given worlds at that moment to have been on Die Vernon's back, galloping in the face of the keen winter wind.

Miss Hetty complacently smoothed down the shining green brocade.

"How very rich and handsome it is," remarked Olive, glad to lead Miss Hetty away from her own looks.

"Yes, is it not?" Miss Hetty assented. And soon she was deep in the interesting story of the green brocade—how it had figured at court, and how it had been handed down to her, and how the skirts of the day when it was new being so short and scanty, it had taken three of them, with no end of contriving and letting down, to produce the full, handsome breadths in which Miss Hetty now rustled.

"Quite an historical robe," spoke a voice beside her.

"Yes, really, and I am very proud of it, I can assure you," said Miss Hetty simply. "Let me introduce you. Colonel St. Maur—Miss Bankes."

"I have already had the honor of meeting *one* Miss Bankes this evening."

"Sisters, although I am sure you would never guess it, would you?" asked Miss Hetty, making room for the colonel between herself and Olive.

"Not at the first glance, perhaps," he replied, as he seated himself, "but one can generally trace a family likeness better when one is familiar with both faces."

Olive hoped devoutly he would never be familiar with *hers*. She disliked extremely the second glance he threw at her; she felt that she disliked *him* extremely—why she could not tell. His finished ease and grace of manner would have charmed most girls; his well-modulated voice was pleasant to the ear; his face, she knew, must be called handsome; yet she felt herself shrinking from him instinctively, avoiding his eye whenever he looked at her.

"Miss Hetty, Miss Hetty, we cannot do without you; we want a fourth, if you please."

It was Sir Pearse Duncombe who found her out in her corner.

"Oh, certainly, certainly, Sir Pearse." Miss Hetty was always ready and obliging.

Olive found herself *tête à tête* with Colonel St. Maur.

"We men are at great disadvantage in one respect," he said softly. He was one of those who drop their voices when they speak to a woman, so as to give their most trifling observation the air of a special confidence. "Our dress is so uniform that we cannot refresh our memories by it as you do."

"How?" she asked; and as she looked full at him for an instant, he saw that she had handsome eyes.

"Why, you ladies keep a *memoria technica* of remarkable events—thus: 'Such a thing happened the year I had my violet moire new;' 'Such a death happened in such a year, because I remember I was in mourning, and had a crape bonnet then;' or, 'It was in winter, I know, for I wore my black velvet.'"

"I don't know," she said.

His presence was so disagreeable to her, that she was disposed to make her replies as laconic as possible. Besides, she fancied she detected a covert sarcasm in his manner, soft as it was.

"Do you not? But it seems to me the most natural thing in the world. One's memory, in recalling events, makes pictures of certain scenes, and in the scene you yourself are mirrored as you appeared at the time. And you will agree with me that the dress is an important part of the appearance of a lady?"

"Yes," she assented.

"She has handsome eyes," thought the colonel, "but she is deucedly slow." And he presently made the name of a song Isabel Bohun was singing an excuse for sauntering up to the piano. Olive drew herself farther back into the recess of the window, and for the rest of the evening she enjoyed an immunity from all intrusion. Claris came up and caressed her once or twice, and very pretty and graceful it was in splendid Claris to identify herself thus with the little, quiet, pale sister whose relationship to the fair bride-elect so astonished everybody; for the illumination which had revealed the beauty of Olive had been withdrawn, and she was like a transparency without the light which brings out its beauties. Miss Ursula cast many an anxious glance towards the maize skirt which just peeped out of the recess; but since her trouble Olive had shrunk away from the added tenderness of her aunt's manner, and Miss Ursula recognised, with many a wistful longing, that the wound was too sensitive for the lightest touch of sympathy. Olive from her retreat could command almost the whole of the two drawing-rooms—could watch the brilliant kaleidoscope of figures ever shifting to and fro—could see where Colonel St. Maur turned over the pages of Isabel's music, and where Claris sat talking charming nonsense to a circle of admirers. She could mark how Lady Arthur's blue skirts fluttered from one guest to another, and could admire with a thrill of tenderness the serene sweetness of Miss Ursula's composed countenance, turned, as she felt, more than once towards her corner. She could even see into the lighted conservatory, whither Jessie Bohun had drawn a susceptible lordling, fresh from Oxford, and was looking into flower-petals with him, and making him blush a great deal. She could hear from a whist-table midway between her and the piano the sound of discordant voices.

"My dear madam, why on earth didn't you play that before? Lost us the odd trick."

"Oh no, it would have been ours in any case."

"I beg your pardon."

"My good sir, if you *will* not follow my lead of trumps, of course we must lose the game."

"I do invariably follow it when I have any."

Olive could see how flustered and red in the face Miss Hetty was getting, whilst Sir Everard Staplewode, her partner, had dropped all his Regent school of politeness (according to the license which otherwise well-bred ladies and gentlemen seem to permit themselves at the whist-table), and was rating the poor lady so unmercifully that she forgot the most ordinary rules of the game.

"My good lady!" she heard him exclaim, "*will* you play your trump? I declare, sir"—to Mr. Hailsham, whose sympathy he could count on—"women would rather put their trumps in their pockets and take them home with them than play them!"

"Ah me!" sighed Olive, coming back from her survey of Lady Arthur's drawing-room, "is this life? this weary ringing of the changes on selfishness and vanity, vanity and folly?"

This was Olive's fault—have you found it yet? A little scorn of lower aims and aspirations, a little intolerance of weakness and folly, a good deal of want of patience with those who did not look from her point of view—the natural result of her youth and her high standard.

Is there any text in the Bible less insisted upon, more constantly ignored, than that one, "Honor all men?"

If ever I should be in the company of some preacher humble enough to take a hint from a lay creature (and a she creature to boot), I will ask him to interpret that text to the world—"Honor all men."

The man who loves a good dinner despises him who dines contentedly on cold shoulder and potatoes, and he of the cold shoulder, in turn, despises him who is the slave of venison and turtle.

The woman who spreads her voluminous skirts over a crinoline, and crimps her hair, and knows the latest fashion in bonnets, and wouldn't for the world be seen out of it, despises her who cares nothing about "style," but wears her well-brushed hair smoothly banded, and makes her dresses after her own pattern. And she who wears a poke bonnet, and drags her lanky skirt after her, and looks upon a flounce as vanity, and point d'Alencon as a cardinal sin—O with what a pious fervor of indignation this sober, nun-like figure despises her who is but a vain butterfly of fashion! He whose ministering priests bow towards the ornate altar—whose chancel is duly set forth according to the Rubric—who is learned in frontals, antependiums, credences, and sedilia—whose cassock is sufficiently long, and whose lawn surplice is accurately short—who loves a sung service and Gregorian psalms—who keeps his fasts and feasts with unfailing precision—how apt is this one to think he does much more than others, and to despise him whose simpler worship aims only at going straight from the heart to God!

And he whose devotion finds its earnestness in this quiet form of worship, how apt is he to sin in despising him who sees in forms and ceremonies a higher reverence towards Him who is so difficult of realization to unassisted mortal sense!

"Honor all men." Is not this the key-note of harmony for all these discordant notes?

Lady Arthur's dinner-party established the popularity of Claris amongst the "county" set. The men were loud in their expressions of admiration of her, and of envy of "Thynne's luck;" the women admired her, too, with a few "buts" and "ifs," relating chiefly to the color of her hair, to the regularity of her features, and to the superiority of blue over pink "for those fair complexions." All agreed that her manners were charming—fitted to the highest position.

Olive, on the other hand, was voted "a most uninteresting person." Lady Duncombe snubbed her lord in the carriage, on their way home, for venturing to say that she was a sensible little girl; and Colonel St. Maur's remark that she had fine eyes was met by a volley of invective from Mr. Hailsham against all women, especially women who played whist, and women who interfered with the established aristocratic monopoly of game preserves.

CHAPTER X.

"SIMILES SIMILIBUS CURANTUR."

The winter deepened. Fierce, bitter winds, following the world's example in oppressing the already oppressed, cruelly lashed the stripped and desolated branches of the trees, rolled the fallen leaves into crackling heaps, chased and spurned and ill-treated them generally, then raved in baffled fury outside the serried ranks of wood, which, like a despoiled but resolute army, rallied and stood firm to guard the fallen and the dead they held within their sheltered depths. The world groaned and shivered in the grasp of these relentless furies, and at last one night, whilst the moon looked on, and the furious winds hushed themselves to listen and wonder, the steely blue-gray clouds which had hung low over the persecuted earth opened, and shed their downy lining in swift-falling flakes, covering the cold ground with a warm, pure carpet, and hanging a mantle of whitest ermine upon each naked tree and hedge.

And over the crisp snow Captain Thynne drove Claris in the prettiest little fairy coach that had ever been seen in those parts—a sleigh that was like the sea-shell chariot of Amphitrite, only that instead of "monsters of the deep" it was drawn by the "sweetest" pair of fawn-colored ponies in the world, set off by scarlet trappings and jingling silver bells. And out of the scarlet-lined buffalo rugs Claris rose in her beauty, with a purple velvet mantle about her queenly shoulders, and a plume that was like a newly-descended snow-flake lying upon the soft velvet hat which crowned her forehead. And the bitter winds that were unfriendly to every other face—nipping, and blueing, and savagely marring its beauty—were kind and gracious to Claris—kissed her fair cheek into rosy bloom, loosened her hair, and sent it straying like gleams of sunshine over the purple splendor of her shoulders. No wonder that Gerald, with this beautiful picture always before him, lost his senses more and more, and thought his madness love.

The county woke up now in right earnest. It went out in close carriages every evening, danced and played whist, and committed all sorts of extravagances. It attended the Estwick New Year Ball in such numbers as had not been seen for many a year. And all this in honor of the bride-elect, whose beauty and grace fascinated everybody, and created quite a *furore* in this sober, steady-going, usually unexcitable part of the world.

She was the fashion, her laudation was the theme of the district, her praises were in every mouth. B——shire was so proud of her that it must needs show her to all its acquaintance; she was the pride and delight of the county. Middle-aged squires and elderly statesmen were charmed with her; young men admired her, and envied the "luck" of Captain Thynne; the young ladies actually adored her. In spite of all that the men are so fond of saying about the envious nature of the other sex, a pretty woman is never so thoroughly admired, so flattered, or so exalted as she is by other *young* women. It is the middle-aged woman, or the woman who is past youth, who indulges in unkind detraction—the young are almost always enthusiastic in admiration and praise of the pretty friend or acquaintance, and exacting in claiming for her the homage of mankind. True, it is not always, or perhaps often, the same kind of beauty which attracts and charms the two sexes, and this is, perhaps, the reason why women are supposed to be unwilling to admit the claims of their handsome sisters.

Claris enjoyed her popularity immensely, and laid herself out to make it more certain. Perhaps she had another motive than the mere enjoyment of gratified vanity; she would bind the lover whom her fascinations had gained more surely to her by showing him the appreciation of others, knowing, as doubtless in her worldly wisdom she must have done, how men value most what their fellow-men value too.

Olive followed in the train of her beautiful sister, and was dragged from ball to ball, and from party to party, in unwilling deference to public opinion. She dared not stay at home, as she would have been glad to do; so she went and wearied herself, and was thankful for every respite which an occasional cold, or any other happy chance, gave her. At home, Miss Ursula's loving thought plied her with duties, cares for the sick and needy—occupations which Miss Ursula hoped would wean her, by degrees, from her own trouble, and mitigate the strain that her watchful eye discerned was too much for the young mind. Olive went through all these in a dull routine; life was still unreal, and all she did seemed so useless; yet she dared not cease from doing. One morning she walked alone to Chadleigh, on an errand of Miss Ursula's. The sun was shining upon the wide, white plains where green meadows had been, the hard ground gave back her tread with an inspiring "pat;" the clear, exhilarating air could not but have a refreshing influence upon even her languid spirit, and yet it was through an aching sense that she recognized the beauties which had been wont to thrill her with a delicious joy—the dark fringes of cedar edging the pure wreath of snow, purer and whiter still from the contrast; the frosty leaves lying, like a fairy compensation, at the foot of every poor wintry-stripped hedge: the pendent diamonds which the sun had brought out from many a snow-laden branch. She wondered to find how even these joys came to her through a mist of pain. Reaching the cottage to which she was bound, she knocked at the door. There was no answer; she lifted the latch and entered. Leaning across the rough wooden table under the window, in an attitude of utter abandonment, as if she had thrown herself there in an agony of grief and despair, was a young girl. She did not rouse at the sound of the opening door; and Olive, after a moment of irresolute waiting, passed on to the inner apartment, where she knew she should find the person she had come to visit—a poor bed-ridden old woman. She lay moaning on her uneasy pillow, and turned upon Olive as she appeared one of those worn, patient faces which we see so often amongst the working, suffering poor.

"Oh, miss, is it you? I'm so glad!" she sighed.

"What can I do for you, Mrs. Pender?" asked Olive. "You look uncomfortable; let me smooth the pillow for you." It was done, and a few spoonfuls of Mrs. Gaythorn's jelly, already standing by the bedside, were administered. The poor creature sank back with a sigh of relief.

"Thank you, miss. I'm sure I'm ashamed to trouble you so, but Sarah she's had bad news this morning, and she's so upset she can't do nothing but cry. And no wonder, poor girl, it's a great trouble to her." And the patient look settled down again upon the worn features.

"What is it?" Olive asked gently.

"Well, miss," replied the woman, dropping her voice, "you see, my daughter was away in the shires in service, and when she heard of my being laid up she came home to do for me. She'd got acquainted with a young man up there, a very respectable young man I believe, and they kept company a long time, and Sarah she seemed very fond of him. After she come away see got a letter from him—a beautiful letter it was too, as long as my arm—and she writ him an answer back, but she didn't hear from him any more, and she's been wondering and fretting a good deal about it. And this morning she got a letter from a young woman, a friend of hers, as lives in the same place, and it said that the young man had took up with a fellow-servant of hers. Sarah's nearly heartbroken about it." Another patient sigh.

Poor Sarah! Olive could understand the forlorn attitude of grief. She said what words of comfort and sympathy she could find to utter, and then she turned from the subject.

"What have you eaten to-day?" she asked of the invalid.

"Sarah brought me a cup of tea and some toast this morning first thing, and she was just gone out to warm up some of the beef-tea you sent me, miss, when the postman came."

"And you have not had it?" Olive looked at her watch. "You should take something now; it is late, and you must want it." She moved towards the door. The woman looked wistfully at her.

"If you could just say a word to poor Sarah, miss, perhaps she wouldn't take on so."

The look unconsciously revealed how the poor sick creature was suffering from the selfish indulgence of the girl's sorrow. Olive understood it. Passing again into the outer room, she found Sarah still prostrate across the table.

"Sarah, Sarah!" she called, touching one of the work-reddened arms.

The girl roused and sat up, drawing the back of her hand across her tear-stained eyes.

"Your mother is faint and hungry," gently reminded Olive. "You have forgotten that she has had nothing strengthening to-day, have you not?"

"Yes, miss," she breathed, without raising her eyes. She went to the fireplace and began languidly to draw the few sticks together. Olive waited whilst the fire kindled, and until the little saucepan was placed upon it, then she drew near.

"You have had a great trouble, Sarah," she began in a faltering voice."

The girl had been moodily watching the broth simmering in her saucepan. Now she turned abruptly towards the window with her back to Olive, and threw her apron over her eyes.

Olive's heart sank.

"It is a great trouble, Sarah," she went on with an effort, "but you have your poor mother to think of. We must not let our troubles make us neglect our duties."

The words died away on her lips. How dared she presume to teach others—she who was herself so unsubmissive—who had put her own trial before every other claim and duty in life? She walked away from Mrs. Pender's cottage conscience-stricken. She could not go home yet; she must be alone, to settle a question which had loomed faintly upon her through this new trouble of mind. She mounted up through the larch plantation to the top of Sir Walter's hill, and sat herself down there on the snow-sprinkled trunk of a felled tree to look this thing in the face. She found that in Sarah's story her indignation had been roused against the deserting lover. She had blamed him hotly in her heart, until a sudden analogy presented itself to her mind. She was angry with Sarah's faithless lover; she was not angry with Gerald. She could not have forgiven him had he so wronged her sister or her friend. She forgave him utterly. There was no place for resentment in her heart against him now that the sin was against herself. She could suffer, but she could not blame. And then through the ineffable tenderness with which she handled his fault, and his alone, she discerned, in a sudden flash of enlightenment, how she loved him—loved him still—her sister's plighted lover, almost husband! She bowed her head until her burning face was hidden in her clasped hands, as the full tide of shame rushed over her; she felt humbled to the dust; she had recognized in that one lightning flash of conviction the strength of the love which was now a sin and shame. How was she to cast it out? Poor soul! Love, in earnest natures, like hers, takes such hold; it permeates the whole system, as it were; it cannot be expelled without destroying the very nature of

which it has become part; it must die a lingering death, by slow and safe weapons of duty and conscience, and even then how much that is fair and sweet must wither and fade with it!

Olive remembered a superb theory of her younger and inexperienced days, that love must not be the master-passion of a life—it must be subordinate to all the stern duties of existence She had believed that it would be so with her. Were all theories to be abandoned as impracticable and useless in the day of temptation? Oh, no! she could not think so. She sat there until the short winter's day closed in, and then she rose up and bent her steps homeward. She was benumbed with cold and faint from exhaustion, but life had come back to her real and earnest. She had a battle to fight, and she set out, bravely resolute, to conquer or die. She threw herself thenceforth into the struggle with all the ardent zeal that characterized her. Miss Ursula, ever watchful, saw the rousing and was thankful for it without understanding. Anything was better than that slow sinking away from life. But Miss Ursula little knew how deadly was the contest. There had been nothing in her own calmer victory over sorrow which could represent to her the fierce battlings of such a spirit as Olive's.

Christmas came and passed, a stormy January followed, then blustering February days lengthened into an early promise of spring. Primroses glimmered on every sheltered bank like pale waning moons in a mossy heaven; the young green of the wheat deepened over the brown hues of the ploughed field; soft showers and balmy-scented winds made the world's heart glad.

But Olive was still fighting her desperate battle and praying for victory, and the change which was gladness to others did not help her. There had been something in the outside tempests which had silenced the inward tumult, and had braced her for future endurance. The softness of Nature's spring had something of enervating influence in it, and she dared not relax an instant! She must hold herself in both hands, as it were. Life must be all hard, and bitter, and unrelenting. She trained herself like a gladiator for the combat.

"April—May—June," she counted. "The middle of June, he says, he must leave for India. Three whole months, and then it will be over for awhile; and before he comes back again I may be dead."

She said it, that "word of fear" to young, warm, beating hearts, as calmly as if it had meant only living, breathing rest; the poor brave heart had been so battered and wearied in the stormy struggle of the last three months, that it could look into the dark silence of the grave without a shudder; it did not even recoil from Nature's mysterious doom. The last struggle would be followed by repose; but these life-struggles came one upon another, without pause or abatement, until she shuddered lest her strength should fail her for the next.

The tender green was already spreading itself in hopeful confidence over hedgerows and sloping banks, when suddenly the hoary foe, Winter, burst the gates of its prison, and came rushing back, in wild fury, to avenge its dethroned supremacy. It was at the end of a day of wind, and rain, and driving sleet, when the fierce old king had done his worst, and frightened all Spring's young children back again to their earth-homes, that Miss Hetty Bushe opened her hospitable door with her own hands to Olive. Miss Hetty inhabited a queer, old-fashioned, but cosy house at the entrance of Chadleigh village, and not far from the outskirts of Armytage Park.

"Come in, my dear," she cried now, as she bustled to the door—"come in out of the wet. You don't mean to say you walked? Dear, dear, how sorry I shall be if you get cold! I thought once or twice of sending up to you to say I would expect you to-morrow as the weather was so bad, but then I said to myself, 'Supposing it should clear at the last moment, and then, of course, Miss Bankes will come in the carriage; and'—in short, my dear, I am afraid I was selfish, and did not want to be disappointed."

Olive kissed the good creature's cheek.

"Dear me, how cold you are!" Miss Hetty exclaimed. "Give your cloak to Susan; hang it by the stove, Susan, and take Miss Bankes' goloshes. You have slippers with you, my dear? And your stockings? Let me get you a dry pair. No? Are you sure they are not wet? Now then come to the fire. Your hair will do, it is always beautifully nice. I always say you have the neatest head I know."

"Well, my dear," she began again when she had seated her visitor and herself by the brightest of little fires in the snuggest of little sitting-rooms, "it is really so good of you to come through the wet and cold to see an old lonely woman like me."

"Dear Miss Hetty," said Olive, "you know I like a quiet evening with you better than almost anything in the world."

"Do you, my dear? Well, its very nice of you to say so. Shall we light the lamp, or do you like to sit by the firelight a little before Susan brings the tea? You do. Well, my dear, so do I; it rests my eyes, and my heart too, I fancy. It's wonderful how I go back to old times and old scenes, and what a company of old faces come about me here as I sit in the twilight all alone of an evening. Faces that are in the grave they are, but they don't seem ghostly at all. I like them."

Miss Hetty smiled placidly from her arm-chair. Olive's seat was on a low couch, the arm of which was drawn against Miss Hetty's seat, so that as the girl turned her thoughtful face to the firelight it was hidden from Miss Hetty's view. The drip, drip of the rain on the broad ivy-leaves which mantled the window gave an added sense of comfort to the warm, cosy picture. Olive felt soothed and quieted, as she always did in Miss Hetty's home.

"Miss Claris rode by yesterday with the captain, looking very handsome, as usual. She reminds me so, sometimes, of my sister Helen. That is her picture over the mantelpiece."

Olive looked up to where the flitting firelight shadows half-revealed the painted features of a lady dressed in blue, with a quantity of lace about her white shoulders.

"You wouldn't see the likeness there, I dare say, my dear; it was taken after she was married. When I think of her as she was when quite a young girl, happy and engaged, your sister seems to me very like her."

Miss Hetty sighed and was silent awhile.

"Ah, well," she said, rousing herself presently, "it's all over now, and poor Helen died twelve years ago, a widow and childless. It seems so strange to me to be left, the last of my family. Sometimes I envy Miss Armytage, and wish poor Helen had left me a little girl of hers to bring up, and to be a companion to me. But it's all well as it is—quite well; we may be sure of that, my dear."

Olive put her hand into Miss Hetty's, moved by sudden sympathy. Poor Miss Hetty! And this was the life to which Olive was teaching herself to look forward, this solitary spinster life, which Miss Hetty had taught herself to call "well." To be first in no one's joy, to have no business in any one's grief, to be set aside, overlooked, to be left alone and made use of! Yes, this was the lot of an "old maid." It seemed a desolate lot to Olive, looking at it, as she did then, from only this dreary point of view. And Miss Hetty, with all her genial sympathies, and all her kindly affections, how had it come to pass that she had been brought to such a life as this? Olive wondered, and encouraged by a certain expression on Miss Hetty's musing face, she said so.

"Miss Hetty, I wonder you never married."

"I dare say you do, my dear—young people often wonder at that. But there are all sorts of strange things in life, and many a slip between us and what we call happiness. I'll tell you what mine was."

She settled herself afresh in her chair, stirred the fire into a brighter glow, and went on—

"You see that gentleman behind you—the picture, I mean. No, not that one—*that* is the portrait of my grandfather Harvey, he who was so nearly being made bishop. I often sit and look at him, and wonder how he would have looked in his lawn sleeves—not particularly well, I dare say, for he was short and pudgy, so it's as well, no doubt, that he was *not* called upon to wear them. One can always find a bright side to everything if one looks for it, and so I say about my marriage, although it certainly was a great disappointment—about the bishopric, I mean—and so was the other, too, although it is so long ago. Well, about the portrait—it's that one in the scarlet hunting-coat and riding-whip. George Danvers was his name, my brother-in-law; we were engaged to be married, he and I, when we were both quite young, and I was very happy. He used to come and see me every evening, and bring me the choicest flowers from his father's greenhouses—his father lived about three miles from here, on the Estwick side—Layton Grange you know, my dear—and George was his heir. He had the property after he married my sister, and they both spent it very fast, they were so gay, poor things! and then they had to go abroad to some foreign place, and live quietly. But they couldn't live quietly; they *died* one after the other, and I went over when Helen wrote for me, and found her at an hotel at Brussels on her way home to me, and she died in my arms. Poor thing! that was a great comfort to me." Miss Hetty furtively wiped away a tear. "But I didn't tell you about me and George. Helen was at school when we were first engaged, and she came home when she was seventeen, just three months before George and I were to be married. She was much handsomer than me—in fact, I never had any good looks to speak of, and now that I think about it, I don't wonder that George liked her best: only at the time it was a great blow to me. I shall never forget how pretty she looked the day she came home, and George and I met her in the stage-coach, on the Estwick road, just that we might have the pleasure of saying we had seen her first. We made her get down and walk back with us to the parsonage, where we lived then, for my dear father was alive. I admired her so as she stepped down out of the coach. She wore a Leghorn hat, with a feather of the same color, and Leghorn-colored ribbons, and her hair was all round her head in short ringlets. She had a way of shaking them all back when she said anything lively and very charming it was. She had the freshest complexion, and the reddest mouth, and the brightest eyes I ever saw, and, as I said before, I don't wonder George liked her—I am sure I did, only I never thought of it at first, I felt so sure of George; it never struck me that he could go away from me. And then one day after he had been at our house, I found Helen sitting in the arbor in the garden (it is pulled down now,) and crying as if her heart would break. And then it came out that George had told her he loved her, and that she—poor child—had set her heart upon him, only they were both as miserable as possible because of me."

Susan, the picture of prim neatness, now broke in upon the *tete-à-tête*, bearing the tea-tray in her arms. Miss Hetty rose and busied herself about the arrangement of the tea-table as earnestly as if she had not been stirring up agitating memories to the past not five minutes since.

"The lamp here, Susan—the marmalade there—the plate of butter-cakes here—the plum-cake in the centre—so. Now the dish of ham at the top. My dear Miss Olive, I have remembered that you lunched early, and that you will not dine to-day. Now, Susan, the tea-caddie and the thin bread-and-butter at the bottom. Stop a moment. It is cold to-night; we will draw the table up to the fire, and Miss Bankes need not move her seat. Don't you think that more comfortable, my dear?"

Olive, with her heart full of Miss Hetty's story, wondered again. Miss Hetty hovered still over her hospitable preparations. Susan brought in a hissing urn of old-fashioned silver, bright and shining; then new-laid eggs in a damask napkin; and, lastly, fixing a silver trivet upon the fender, she left a pile of hot buttered cakes to simmer before the fire. Then Miss Hetty's tea-table was furnished, and Olive perceived that, to please her hostess, she must satisfy her appetite before she satisfied her curiosity, and Miss Hetty's hot, sweet tea was welcomed after her cold, wet walk.

The time came at last when Miss Hetty was forced to believe that her guest's wants were satisfied, and to permit Susan to carry away the tea-tray. When the two ladies were settled to their work by the fireside, Olive brought forth the question which had been trembling on her lips.

"What did you do, Miss Hetty, when your sister told you that Mr. Danvers loved her?"

"I gave him up," said Miss Hetty, simply. "Dear me, how this cotton knots!"

She got up, and held her knitting to the lamp. Olive looked at her, it must be confessed, with almost a shade of contempt. How could such things be got over? How strong we are in our grief, how impregnable in our remembrance, until Time touches both with his brush, and the deep tints lighten!

Miss Hetty brought her knitting back from the light. There was no tremble in the hands which had unpicked that knot.

"I wrote him a letter that evening," she resumed, "and I told him that I resigned him to Helen, and that I hoped they would both be happy."

"And you loved him?" whispered Olive.

"Yes, my dear, I loved him so much that I love his happiness more than my own."

And Miss Hetty actually smiled!—a sweet, tender smile that made the faded face quite beautiful beneath the martello tower of millinery which surmounted it. In that smile Olive saw all the past martyrdom which Miss Hetty was able to make so light of now. She understood how fiery had been the furnace from which Miss Hetty had emerged, with all the graces of her character not only unharmed, but purified and increased. And Olive looked up and reverenced her.

Through all her simple story Olive recognized how true and unselfish Miss Hetty had been—how the spendthrift lover and the frivolous, unstable sister had been the cross of her blighted life—no, not blighted, since it had produced such lovely fruits of patience and gentle submission. She could trace out the beautiful scheme of this life, which an hour or two since had seemed so desolate and dreary. And now—her work dropped upon her lap as she contemplated her own—what was her trial working in *her*? Where were the gentleness and patience and loving-kindness which should mark *her* acceptance of her cross? Alas! she found that she had been growing hard and bitter with the struggle she had maintained; in trying to escape from one sin she had fallen into another. To fight her battle she had dropped all but the weapons of her own will and strength, and they had turned against her. Since her visit to Mrs. Pender's cottage she had given up all care for her personal dependents; she had even surrendered her Sunday-school class into Mr. Julius's hands, in spite of an astonished remonstrance from that gentleman. "She could not presume," she had said to herself, "to teach others whilst her own heart was poisoned by a sin which she could not overcome." And so she had put from her the very things, she saw now, which might have been for her healing. No wonder she had grown worse and worse! She had it in her heart to fall at Miss Hetty's feet, and sob out all her grief to her. The temptation grew stronger and stronger. The softening influence of Miss Hetty melted the icy barriers she had set up. She longed now for sympathy and comfort, and who could give these so well as Miss Hetty? But no, it must not be; the shame was not hers alone; Claris—Gerald—for their sake she must not speak—she must not—yet she longed so for a word of help!

"What a pleasant party we had at Lady Arthur's!" said Miss Hetty, thinking the silence had lasted long enough, and quite unconscious of the struggle going on at her side. "Mr. Hailsham was exceedingly cross at whist, but then he generally is. That Colonel St. Maur was a most agreeable man. Have you ever met him since?"

But Olive could not speak. Her secret was so nearly escaping she had to hold it with all her strength, as some eager hound is held in a leash by its keeper, or it would have been gone from her.

"He knew the Temples of Ivonhill," Miss Hetty went on, scarcely seeming to notice that she had received no answer to her question. "In these railway times, every stranger one meets is sure to know somebody one knows, and if they don't," she added quaintly, "you know, one really doesn't think much of them."

The struggle was over now. Olive's secret was her own still.

The evening wore to a close. Susan brought in hot elder wine in a silver mug and little china shell-shaped dishes of sweet biscuits. The Armytage carriage was announced, and kind Miss Hetty insisted first upon looking out to see if the rain had ceased, and then, finding it had *not*, upon loading Olive with twice the number of wraps for the close carriage which she had required for her unsheltered walk down.

"I'm dreadfully afraid you'll catch cold, my dear. Promise me to put your feet in hot water and drink a bowl of white-wine whey the last thing before you get into bed; and, oh, my dear, stop a moment! Susan, bring a piece of nitre out of the little drawer of my looking-glass. There, my dear, put this little lump on your tongue just before you go to sleep, and it will dissolve by itself. It's the finest thing in the world for a cold," were Miss Hetty's parting injunctions.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R. 1, 1866.

OUR NOVELETS, CLUBS, &c.

We call attention to the new Novelet, named

HEARTS ERRANT,

which we have every reason to believe will give great satisfaction to our readers. Lady readers, especially, will admire it.

We design commencing a new novelet by Mr. Bennett in the first paper of the next year. It will be called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;
A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

We trust those who intend making up clubs for the new year, will begin at once, before their friends are engaged for other periodicals.

NO PAPER OFFERS AS GREAT INDUCEMENTS AS THE POST. Besides, as THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND can always be clubbed together, it makes the getting up of large lists much easier than where there is no choice. Many persons will also take both periodicals, and thus count for two subscriptions.

We return our thanks to the host of old friends who have stood by us for years, and hope to continue to make THE POST in every way worthy of their support. And if it comes in their way occasionally to recommend our sheet to their friends and neighbors, we shall duly appreciate the kindness.

THANKSGIVING.

When the Summer is past and the beauty and bloom of the harvest garnered, while with full hands and warm heart the year draws near its close, it is meet that we return thanks to the Giver of all good gifts for the rich largess of His seasons, that we settle our balance due of gratitude, and with a clean page open the reckoning of the year to come.

Yet it must be admitted that but little of the spirit in which they were framed remains to those of our Anniversaries having a religious intent, our one secular festival alone retaining its original significance; for, so far as a mighty burning of gunpowder and medley of noises goes, Independance day yet vividly recalls our battles for liberty, while floating bunting and civil parading remain as tokens of our military glory.

But our other days of observance, be their object Thanksgiving or rejoicing, fasting, humiliation, or prayer, mean principally to eat, drink, dress, promenade, and be merry generally. Christmas has somehow gained a special meaning as an occasion for the giving of presents, and Thanksgiving as a day for family-gatherings; but otherwise the programme above given is little departed from.

There is a deep fund of vitality in the human breast, and the most solemn or most sorrowful observance cannot induce a majority of the people to wear long faces and penitential hearts. And who can blame them? We have all legitimate causes enough for depression, without suffering ourselves to be legislated into the blues, while our hearts are merry and horizons clear. The right to laugh or to cry is one of the reserved rights of the people, not vested in Congress, but retained as a constituent of individual freedom; so if we find undecorously joyful faces shaming the solemnest occasion, we can console ourselves with the reflection that laughter is better than tears, and that the making a happy people is the crowning glory of a good government.

But now Joy is our business. We celebrate the good that has come unto us, and God is best thanked for His gifts by clear brows and smiling faces, perfect health and unvitiated appetite, showing that His design of happiness to mankind has been fulfilled. Then let us shout and be merry, eat our fill and laugh to our heart's content, while East and West, North and South, the wail of the Turkey is heard in the land.

OUR PREMIUMS.

Mrs. Louisa Baichly, of Lancaster, Ohio, writes as follows:—

"The Sewing Machine came to hand yesterday, with which I am much pleased; and also the Engravings that came with the Lady's Friend and Post; the subscribers were very much pleased with them. I think it will be a great inducement for others to go and do likewise. I shall endeavor to do all I can for you."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

STORIES OF MANY LANDS. By GRACE GREENWOOD, author of "History of My Pets," &c. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston. Another of Grace Greenwood's charming volumes, for little readers—just the volumes (all of them) for Christmas and New Year's gifts. A parent cannot go wrong in buying any of them—and in subscribing for "The Little Pilgrim" besides. For sale also by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

FLOWER-DE-LUCE. By HENRY W. LONGFELLOW. A beautiful little volume containing about a dozen recent poems by Longfellow—with five excellent illustrations on wood. "Palingenesis," both poem and illustration, is remarkably fine. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

CHARLIE CODMAN'S CRUISE. A Story for Boys. By HORATIO ALGER, Jr., author of "Frank's Campaign," &c. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Pitcher, 808 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

LORDS AND LADIES. By the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids," "The Queen of the County," &c. Published by Loring, Boston; and also for sale by Pitcher, Philadelphia.

THE ORIGIN OF THE STARS, AND THE CAUSES OF THEIR MOTIONS AND THEIR LIGHT. By JACOB ENNIS, Principal of the Scientific and Classical Institute, Philadelphia, &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by D. Ashmead, 724 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

THE SOLDIER'S ORPHAN. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "Fashion and Famine," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

Replace the Stone.

One day General Washington and some of his officers, while staying at Boston, went to visit Chelsea. On their way they stopped to rest and refresh themselves at the mansion of Mr. Dexter, a beautiful spot, surrounded by stately elms and green fields. They alighted, and after securing their horses under the trees, went to partake of the good cheer within.

As they came out, one of the gentlemen accidentally knocked off a stone from the wall which ran before the house. Washington told him he had better replace the stone.

"No," answered the officer; "I will leave that for somebody else."

Washington then went quietly and put the stone up again, saying, as he did so, "I always make it a rule in visiting a place to *leave things in as good order as I find them.*"

Let every boy and youth remember this declaration of the great and good Washington, and make it a rule of action through life.

☞ A BRAVE GIRL.—A Mrs. Cushman, of Monroe, La., was aroused one night, when she discovered that burglars were trying to get in at the windows. She seized a revolver and going softly to the window, pulled the trigger, but the pistol would not fire. Her little daughter Della, seeing the fix her mother was in, immediately got another pistol, went to the window where the robbers were at work, placed the muzzle close up to the glass, fired, and one of the rascals was carried away a corpse by his comrades.

☞ True love is a natural sacrament; and if ever a man thanks God for having saved what is good and noble in his soul, it is when he thinks of offering it to the woman he loves.

☞ It is a fact, confirmed by long observation, that in Rome the period of penance and fasting is the period of crime. Almost every deliberate murder, or other crime of sufficient magnitude to involve capital punishment, is committed at this period. On the other hand, crimes of such enormity rarely occur during the period of games and festivals. The joyous spirit which then prevails, moderates the bad passions of the Romans, and appears even to elevate and purify their character.

☞ The inhabitants of Vienna have actually brought out a "Cholera Polka."

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

PERUVIAN CIVILIZATION—OFFICE OFFERED—WIVES WANTED—O'HARRA'S BARGAIN—KATE'S HIGHJINKS—FALL OF STOCK—TA-TA-HIATI—QUEER CONSEQUENCES—SINGULAR SICKNESS.

Varsa, the modern Inca and Andean capital, nestled away at the western base of Illimani, was the first native Peruvian town of any pretension or importance we had ever seen, and the first sensation as we entered it was one of intense admiration. Nowhere in South America, among Spaniards or Portuguese, had we seen such order, neatness, signs of thrift and evidences of a better civilization.

There were houses of *adobe* and plastered wicker work, with red roofs of burned tile or thatch of reeds, neater than slate or shingled roofs, trees and hardy shrubs, such as are indigenous to these Andean regions, planted regularly in double rows bordering both sides of avenues that crossing at right angles gave Varsa in that respect quite a Philadelphia looking aspect, and made each street a miniature *Unter den Linden*.

Situated in a magnificent valley so far below the winter snow line, the climate is so nearly tropical that fruits, flowers and vegetables of the torrid and temperate zones mingle promiscuously, growing in equal luxuriance and perfection. Everywhere throughout the town we saw patches of cultivated ground, giving evidence of high and careful cultivation, producing corn, cocoanuts, cabbages, bananas, onions, peaches, potatoes, and pine apples, with many other varieties of fruits and flowers of both the temperate and tropical regions mingling here in perfection, and presenting a scene both novel and peculiarly interesting.

On all the slopes, little plateaus, and hill pastures surrounding the town, were herds of llamas, sheep, vicunas, and occasionally a few cows, making, with the gardens, avenues lined with trees, and fields of maize, millet, and a species of barley, a pastoral picture more lovely than anything we had ever seen in South American Civilization. But there is a "little story," not yet told—somewhat incidental to our own acquaintance with these latter-day sun-worshippers. Let us come to that—

Two days of social intercourse and unusual intimacy had taught these simple-minded sun-worshippers that Senora Minnie was not the resurrected white empress of their ancestors, returned as they had at first believed from the bright realms of light to resume her earthly reign. They had also been made to understand that our pretty senoras were not quite immortal maids, made again incarnate and descended from the brilliant chambers of their effulgent god to minister at their ancient altars. They knew at length that we of the masculine persuasion were not entirely spiritual cavaliers, sent by the sun as a guard of honor to escort their female sovereign and her fair maids of honor down to earth; and thus educated they abated somewhat of the superstitious servile worship with which upon our arrival their priests presented themselves with bowed heads, bent backs, and lying flat on the ground, forming a new novelty in stairs by which Madam Cosmo descended from saddle to earth.

Though we were no longer gods and goddesses, we were still so far superior beings in the estimation of these simple, civilized savages, that they were anxious to put us to better purposes than tramping about through the Andes the way they understood we were doing. So after a solemn council and nearly a half-day's deliberation on the part of a dozen of the *Tiaskas*, or patriarchs in plainer English, we had a proposition, direct, frank, and certainly flattering to our self-esteem, provided our egotism or vanity could have taken that direction. Putting the proposition into literal English, and cutting down details to brevity, the bargain, or rather a series of bargains offered, were as follows:—

It was first suggested that as we were going on, we were of no service to ourselves, society, God, the present age or posterity. So why not better lay off our civilization, become Peruvians, turn to the sun, and become priests, sages, law-givers, and patriarchs to the *Queche* community, finding a happier, more peaceful home there at the base of Illimani in the heart of the Andes than the world afforded elsewhere. As an inducement to accept the proposition the sixth of all their crops, herds, and whatever they possessed of the precious metals was offered us; besides which we were to perform no labor, literally to take no heed what we should eat or what we should drink, or where withal we should be clothed. They would take care of all those things, making of us absolute idlers.

There were several worse things we could have done than refuse an offer so generous; but then we had an idea that there were perhaps a half-dozen better things we could do; one of which was to still cling to our Christianity such as it was—rather shabby certainly, but better we thought than worshipping an inconsistent sun, that roasted us down on the lower slopes and permitted us to shiver and freeze in the upper Andean world. The other, and strongest objection to the proposed arrangement, was that there was a great deal of South American Civilization yet uninvestigated, a great deal of Bolivia, all of Peru, and a liberal slice of Equador to be traversed and topographized, and the fascinations of such a glorious tramp—vagabonds as we were, would have outweighed the offer of a throne for each one of us as dazzling and golden as that of Old Inca Atalpa himself, with the wealth of a score of ancient Perus as an appanage. Having such inducements before us, we declined as courteously as we could, but firmly, the proffered honor, and finding us determined on that point, the fair-dealing *Queches* put in a second proposition, undoubtedly well enough meant, and in their estimation perfectly proper; but to us so utterly absurd that we all ha-ha'd and hurrahed in their very faces, and for three months or more afterwards, roared and fairly ranted with laughter whenever it came into our minds. The offer was blunt, honest, and directly to the purpose. It was the purchase of every one of our pretty senoras for *vestal virgins*. Out in the world whither we were going, we could suit ourselves with satisfaction, they argued, while they, shut up there in the heart of the Andes, should never look upon other females so fair and fascinating.

Though we argued and explained that as all our senoras, with the exception of our little fairy Queen of Naples, and nonpareil Baltimore beauty, had been wedded wives for periods ran-

ging from two months to ten years, their sovereign sun-deity might object to accepting them as vestal virgins, they insisted stoutly that that was a circumstance of no importance whatever, that their god didn't know the difference between a maiden and matron, and then separating as they made pecuniary attacks upon us individually. Cator could have taken in exchange for his lovely little *lavandeira* wife as many gold and silver ornaments as would have filled every pocket about his person, and I had an offer from a fine-looking old patriarch for Dona Minnie in the shape of three dozen llamas, and as many fine fat *vicunas* as I should care to make into a drove. Our Irish ex-captain of hussars came closer to a bargain with the father, or grandfather it may be of half the village of Varsea. Semi-sovereign he certainly was among the *Queeches*—a hale, hearty, slightly Herculean old fellow, with good features, not a wrinkle of time about his face, white, flowing hair, erect as a young Teton warrior of the "burnt wood," and a comely, commanding old Turk altogether.

Kate O'Harra had fairly fascinated this old chief priest, Paquita, and ascertaining that she was the legitimate property of Capt. Barney, he began to bid for her, offering first half a peck of uncouth ornaments and small implements in virgin gold, then two silver dogs the size of rat-terriers, with gold heads, emerald eyes, and mouths like cat fish. O'Harra still holding off, Old Turk added a gold breastplate emblem of the sun the size of a dinner plate, and as thick as a Virginia hoe cake. This last *douceur* brought Barney round, and looking lovingly at the golden sun, he patted Kate on the shoulder affectionately, and said in his animated, Barney Williams way:

"By my soul, darling! Go over now to the old heathen and get the whole temple and all the gold. They'll make you Queen of Varsea and worship ye. Won't ye be happy and grand here, my dear? And faith, won't I go home til the ould country sure, and be an estated gentleman with my two silver dogs, and ooh!—oh, murther! what a glorious sun of my own I'll have. Go over now, my darling."

"You're a brute, Barney O'Harra, and I'll do it just for spite," Kate said, showing a pet, but in reality entering into the spirit of the fun; and Kate went over to the high priest, gave him her hand and demanded that two of his dusky daughters should be fastened to her ex-husband as a "drag" and torment for life. This demand readily complied with, Kate's next stipulation was that the Old Turk himself was to have no right or title to her, but that she was to be the exclusive property of Tiaska, grandson of the old high priest, and, for a savage, certainly a very prepossessing young fellow. This unreasonable demand brought out a positive protest from old Paquita, which being literally interpreted by Dona Minnie, sent Kate off in a second into one of her Irish high jinks, her first prank being to put a bullet from her revolver *whiz* into the ear of a pet vicuna belonging to Tiaska, putting an end to the poor animal and all matrimonial bargainings in a wink, and inaugurating such confusion among the simple savages that chaos were order to it.

Kate continued to bang away recklessly, at random apparently, but taking especial care not to hit any one human. All our Senoras clapped hands and *vivad*, cheered Kate, and fairly screamed with laughter, which unvestal-like heydenism sent down our dimity stock five thousand per cent. in fifteen seconds in the estimation of the Varsaans, male and female, and from that moment I do not believe that all the gold of Peru, and the silver of Bolivia added, would have bribed a high priest or any other sun worshipper to have taken one of our wild cats off our hands for a vestal, or anything else. After that female "*fore paw*," as Cator called it, the Varsaans were shy of our Senoras and their six shooters, though they continued civil and sociable enough with the bearded portion of our party so long as we remained their guests.

A day or two after the woman-trade imbroglio, Dr. Bond remarked, while we were all together at breakfast, that it was so singular as to amount to the next thing to a miracle, that since our first setting out in Brazil on our vagabondizing, two years and four months previously, we had lost no one from our party by death, and with the exception of the sugar plum poisoning at Santiago, not one of our number had been afflicted with a single day's serious illness. "Yes," we all voted. It was singular—very extraordinary indeed. And then, like blockheads, we began to guess that we were invulnerable—that there had been a special act of Providence passed in our favor. That was a foolish fallacy, as we learned before the sun set that very day. We found a pestilence that became seriously epidemic, so far as our party was concerned, coming upon it in this manner:

After breakfast, an hour or so, we went to saddle and took to the *campo*, going up the sloping sierras towards Illimani, our object being game, exercise, botanizing, bug hunting and prospecting for minerals.

We had a pleasant jaunt and particularly fine time of it all through, up to about half-past three, when we went down into a pretty little valley where we were going to dine, and then ride back to the village. But before we went to dinner, we went to a fountain of clear cold water that flashed out in sparkling jets from fissures near the base of a modest little ledge of bluish red sand-stone.

Being thirsty, we were all hurrying towards the fountain with cups and horns, when the three young Peruvians who had accompanied us as sort of guides suddenly leaped before us and began capering, dancing and flinging their arms about in a wild way, as if all at once they had gone stark crazy. Having succeeded in halting us, they all began to cry out, repeating rapidly:

"*Tu ta—Hiaita!*" which, as nearly as it could be got into English by Senora Cosmo, signified *Witch water.*

"Botheration and nonsense! Some foolish superstition of these foolish savages," Dr. Bond said, and pushing past the Peruvians, began to pour down the pure, sparkling beverage. We all followed the doctor's lead, drank till our thirst was appeased, and then went to dinner.

Everything went on rationally enough for about a quarter of an hour, when our little Neapolitan, with a jerking motion of both arms, tried to point to her mouth. We had five seconds, perhaps, to see her teeth hard set, lips drawn spasmodically apart, and her usually fine bright eyes glaring and rolling wildly. Then, like a flash, Signora Fiorietta sprang to her feet, *pirouetted* across our tablecloth, making our mutton *chargue* and *pan de vejna* fly in all directions. Next she cut a pigeon wing among our coffee mugs, and then *vip* she went over backwards in as clean a somerset as circus rider ever turned, coming down fairly on her feet, and then in a moment sinking down into a singular shaking spasm.

By this time O'Harra was off in equally inexplicable antics, then Edith, then our Swedish *savant*, then Dona Minnie, Cator, Dr. Bond, Cosmo, everybody, and such shaking, setting of teeth together, tumbling and tearing about, a troupe of trained Arabs never equalled in this world.

It was a singular strange feeling. At first, like the exhilarating effects of ether, then a smothering sensation, then mad, spasmodic motion, like a violent St. Vitus dance—tetanus—then a deathly sickness, gradual relaxing of the locked jaws, and finally excessive and distressing vomiting, that finally subsided, and there we were at nightfall, nerveless, stupid, sick, almost as helpless as an hour old baby, and looking as if we had lain in the lee scuppers sea-sick an entire passage around Cape Horn.

No one pretended to offer an opinion as to the mineral constituents of the water, that it could have produced effects so strangely singular. But we did offer an unanimous opinion that never again while we lived, however thirsty we might be, being warned as we had been, would we quench our thirst with *Ta ta—Hiaita.*

Quite as singular as its effect upon ourselves was the fact that although our horses drank freely from the stream that flowed from the fountain, the water did not appear to have any unusual effect upon them.

We were incapable of going to saddle that night, but the following forenoon we rode back to the village languidly enough, and for an entire week we were a company of invalids. Dr. Bond declared that it was a wholesale epidemic worth investigating and adding to the records of medical jurisprudence. Cator remarked that it would be better to let the infernal water alone in future.

FAST TIME.—The fastest time "on record" at all distances is as follows:

1 mile, pacing, Pocahontas,	2.17½
1 mile, trotting, Dexter,	2.18½
2 miles, trotting, Flora Temple,	4.50½
3 miles, trotting, Dutchman,	7.31½
16 miles, trotting, Prince,	50.00½
20 miles, trotting, Trustee,	59.35½
100 miles, trotting, Conqueror,	8.55.62
100 miles, double, Master Burke and Robbin,	10.17.22
1 mile, running, Henry Perritt,	1.42½
4 miles, running, Lexington,	7.19½

☞ Books of devotion and those of love are alike bought. The only difference is, that there are more who read books of love, than buy them; and there are more who buy books of devotion than read them.

☞ General Count Phillippe de Segur, member of the French Academy, author of the "Histoire de la Grand Armee," has just completed his "Memoires." They are said to be full of curious information about Napoleon I. and the high personages of that reign. M. de Segur is now eighty-seven years of age.

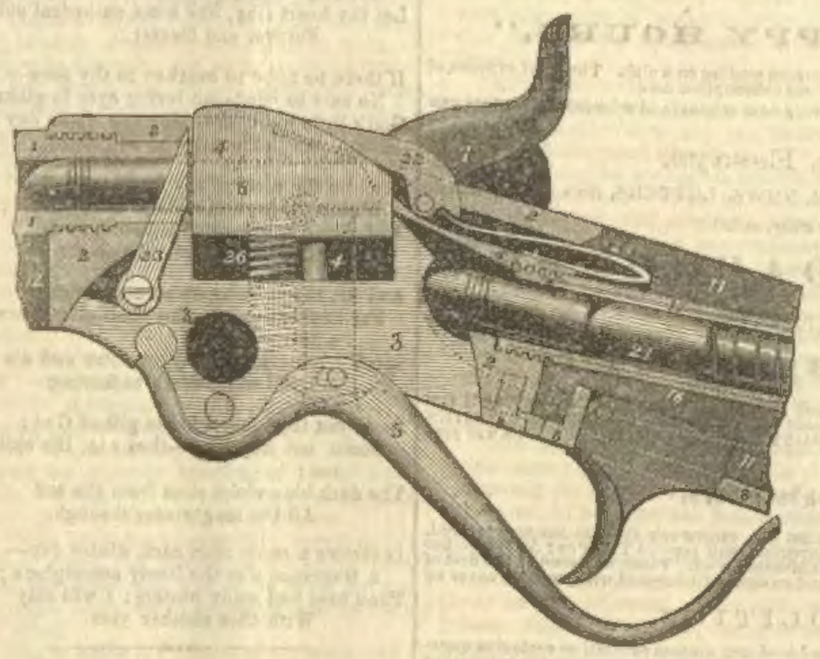
☞ Not long since an Amsterdam merchant, after lavishing a fortune on furniture and paintings, caused the floor of one of his apartments to be lain with Spanish dollars set on edge.

☞ The late John Van Buren was noted, like Falstaff, for being "of infinite jest." It is told of him that he was once angrily accosted by a suitor whose case he had overthrown, with, "I believe, sir, you would take a fee from the greatest scoundrel on earth." "Softly, my dear sir," half whispered Van Buren, with well affected concern; "walk aside with me, if you please. Now, sir," presenting his ear to the man, "tell me what you have been doing!"

☞ CHEAP LIVING.—Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy is suing her husband, a New York millionaire, for divorce, on the ground of cruelty, and the trial has brought out some interesting facts about the expense of living in Gotham. She lives in a brown-stone mansion valued at $100,000, and has no rent to pay, yet her expenses for herself and family, consisting of seven children, average $100 per day.

☞ Among the junk brought to a dealer in Fredericksburg last week was a leaden star, formed by two bullets, moving with the same velocity and momentum, but from directly opposite points, impinging against each other.

THE SPENCER REPEATING RIFLE.



The Operation is as Follows:

With the muzzle of the rifle pointed downward, turn the magazine lock (18) to the right, withdraw the inner magazine-tube (17) and drop the cartridges into the outer magazine, (16,) ball foremost, to the number of seven, then insert the tube, locking it securely in place as first found.

The magazine being thus charged, the first cartridge is thrown forward into the chamber of the barrel by moving the guard-lever (5) *downward to a stop*, as shown in Fig. 1, and *immediately* drawing it back. The first part of this movement brings down the breech-pin (4) below the chamber of the barrel, and so that its upper curved profile forms part of the same circle as the back of the carrier-block (3.) The continuation of the movement of the guard-lever causes both the carrier-block and breech-pin to swing back together far enough for the front cartridge to pass over the breech-pin; and the whole of the cartridges being pressed forward by the magazine-spring (18) and cartridge-follower (21) the front cartridge is made to slip over the breech-pin. When the lever is brought back the cartridge is pushed forward by the breech-pin into the chamber of the barrel, and the breech-pin is pressed up behind it and is held in place by the breech-pin-spring (26.) The magazine and chamber are thus effectually closed by the carrier-block and breech-pin, and all is ready for firing.

The hammer (7) may remain down during the loading, but should be immediately half-cocked, and kept so while a cartridge remains in the chamber of the barrel, (1,) except when firing. Then full-cock the hammer, pull the trigger, (9,) causing the hammer to strike the percussion slide, (6,) forcing it against the rim of the cartridge and exploding it.

In the opening movement of the breech, the carrier-block moves the shell-drawer (23) and causes it to draw out the discharged shell from the chamber, and in its withdrawal the shell slips over the top of the cartridge-guide, (22,) which is then depressed by its spring (25.) The same guide aids in conducting the new cartridge to the chamber. This operation is repeated, with any desired rapidity, until the seven cartridges are discharged. The magazine is then reloaded as at first.

The rifle can be discharged seven times in twelve seconds, and with ease loaded and fired twenty-one times in a minute.

When it is desirable to use the arm as a single-loader, the cartridge can be placed in the chamber with the hand, care being taken that the rim of the cartridge is placed behind the shell-drawer.

When it is required to be used as a single-loader and a full magazine held in reserve for a greater emergency, it is necessary to arrest the downward movement of the guard-lever at about one-third the distance, so as to preclude the first cartridge in the magazine from passing forward, and yet leave sufficient space to remove the exploded shell and insert by hand a new cartridge. If necessary, a moveable stop can be placed so as to ensure this.

[NOTE.—As some of the readers of THE POST may desire to procure the above admirable Rifle, we make the following Premium offer. For 40 subscribers at $2.50 apiece, we will give one of Spencer's Repeating Sporting or Hunting Rifles, including Globe and Peep sight, and 100 prepared cartridges, boxed, worth $55 00—expense of transportation from Boston to be paid by the receiver of the Premium. Every subscriber in the list of 40 to receive a copy of the beautiful steel engraving, "One of Life's Happy Hours."—*Publishers Saturday Evening Post.*]

Artemus Ward in London.

MR. PUNCH, MY DEAR SIR,

You didn't get a instructiv article from my pen last week on account of my nervus sistim havin underwent a dreffle shock. I got caught in a brief shine of sun, and it utterly upset me. I was walkin in Regent street one day last week, enjoyin your rich black fog and bracing rains, when all at once the Sun bust out and astoodily shone for nearly half an hour steady. I acted promptly. I called a cab and told the driver to run his hoss at a friteful rate of speed to my lodgins, but it wasn't of no avale. I had orful crampe, my appytite left me, and my pulse went down to 10 degrees below zero. But by careful nussin I shall no doubt recover speedy, if the present sparklin and exileratin weather continners.

All of the forgoin is sarcasum.

It's a sing'lar fack, but I never set eyes on your excellent British Mooseum till the other day. I've sent a great many peple there, as also to your genial Tower of London, however. It happened thusly: When one of my excellent countrymen jest arrived in London would come and see me and display a inclinashun to cling to me too lengthy, thus showin a respect for me which I feel I do not deserve, I would sujject a visit to the Mooseum and Tower. The Mooseum would ockepy him a day at leest, and the Tower another. Thus I've derived considerble peace and comfort from them noble edifisses, and I hope they will long continner to grace your metropolis. There's my fren Col. Larkins, from Wisconsin, who I regret to say understands the Jamaica question, and wants to talk with me about it; I sent him to the Tower four days ago, and he hasn't got throogh with it yit. He likes it very much, and he writes me that he can't never thank me sufficient for directin him to so interestin a bildin. I writ him not to mention it. The Col. says it is fortnit we live in a intellectooal age which wouldn't countenance such infamus things as occurd in this Tower. I'm aware that it is fashin'ble to compliment this age, but I ain't so clear that the Col. is altogether right. This is a very respectable age, but it's pretty easily riled; and considerin upon how slight a provycation we who live in it go to cuttin each other's throats, it may perhaps be doubted whether our intellecks is so much massiver than our ancestors' intellecks was, after all.

I allus ride outside with the cabman. I am of humble parentage, but I have (if you will permit me to say so) the spirit of the eagle, which chafes when shut up in a four-wheeler, and I feel much eagler when I'm in the open air. So on the mornin on which I went to the Mooseum I lit a pipe, and callin a cab, I told the driver to take me there as quick as his Arabian charger could go. The driver was under the influoence of beer, and narrerly escaped runnin over a aged female in the match trade, whereupon I remonstrated with him. I said, "That poor old woman may be the only mother of a young man like you." Then throwing considerable pathos into my voice, I said, "You have a mother?"

He said, "You lie!" I got down and called another cab, but said nothing to this driver about his parents.

The British Mooseum is a magnif'cent free show for the people. It is kept open for the benefit of all.

The humble costymonger, who traverses the busy streets with a cart containin all kinds of vegetables, such as carrots, turnips, etc., and drawn by a spirited jackass—he can go to the Mooseum and reap benefits therefrom as well as the lord of high degree.

"And this," I said, "is the British Mooseum! These noble walls," I continnered, punching them with my umbreller to see if the masonry was all right—but I wasn't allowd to finish my enthoosiastic remarks, for a man with a gold band on his hat said, in a hash voice, that I must stop pokin the walls. I told him I would do so by all means. "You see," I said, taking hold of the tassel which waved from the man's belt, and drawin him close to me in a confidential way, "You see, I'm looking round this Mooseum, and if I like it I shall buy it."

Instid of larfin hartily at these remarks, which was made in a goakin spirit, the man frowned darkly and walked away.

I first visited the stuffed animals, of which the gorillers interested me most. These simple-minded monsters live in Afriky, and are believed to be human beins to a slight extent, altho' they are not allowed to vote. In this department is one or two superior giraffes. I never woulded I were a bird, but I've sometimes wished I was a giraffe, on account of the long distance from his mouth to his stummuck. Hence, if he loved beer, one mugful would give him as much enjoyment while goin down as forty mugfuls would ordinary persons. And he wouldn't get intoxicated, which is a beastly way of amusin oneself, I must say. I like a little beer now and then, and when the teetotallers inform us, as they frekently do, that it is vile stuff, and that even the swine shrink from it, I say it only shows that the swine is a ass who don't know what's good; but to pour gin and brandy down one's throat as freely as though it were fresh milk, is the most idiotic way of goin' to the devil that I know of.

I enjoyed myself very much lookin at the Egyptian mummys, the Greek vases, etc., but it occurd to me there was raythor too many "Roman antiquitys of a uncertin date." Now, I like the British Mooseum, as I said afore, but when I see a lot of erthen jugs and pots stuck up on shelves, and all "of a uncertin date," I'm at a loss to 'sactly determin whether they are a thousand years old or was bought recent. I can cry like a child over a jug one thousand years of age, especially if it is a Roman jug; but a jug of a uncertin date doesn't overwhelm me with emotions. Jugs and pots of a uncertin age is doubtless vallyable property, but, like the debentures of the London, Chatham and Dover Railway, a man doesn't want too many of them.

I was debarred out of the great readin-room. A man told me I must apply by letter for admission, and that I must get somebody to testify that I was respectable. I'm a little 'fraid I shan't get in there. Seein a elderly gentleman, with a benevolent-lookin face, near by, I venturd to ask him if he would certify that I was respectable. He said he certainly would not, but he would put me in charge of a policeman, if that would do me any good. A thought struck me. "I refer you to *Mr. Punch*," I said.

"Well," said a man, who had listened to my application, "you *have* done it now! You stood some chance before." I will get this infamus wretch's name before you go to press, so you can denounce him in the present number of your excellent journal.

The statute of Apollo is a pretty slick statute. A young yeoman seemed deeply impresst with it. He viewd it with silent admiration. At home, in the beautiful rural districks where the daisy sweetly blooms, he would be swearin in a horrible manner at his bullocks, and whacking 'em over the head with a hayfork; but here, in the presence of Art, he is a changed bein.

I told the attendant that if the British nation would stand the expens of a marble bust of myself, I would willingly sit to some talented sculpist. "I feel," I said, "that this is a dooty I owe to posterity." He said it was hily prob'l, but he was inclined to think that the British nation wouldn't care to enrich the Mooseum with a bust of me, altho' he venturd to think that if I paid for one myself it would be accepted cheerfully by Madam Tussaud, who would give it a prom'nent position in her Chamber of Horrers. The young man was very polite, and I thankt him kindly.

After visiting the Refreshment-room and partakin of half a chicken "of a uncertin age," like the Roman antiquitys I have previsly spoken of, I prepared to leave. As I passed through the animal room I observed with pane that a benevolent person was urgin the stuffd elephant to accept a cold muffin, but I did not feel called on to remonstrate with him, any more than I did with two young persons of diff'rent sexes who had retired behind the Rynoseroses to squeeze each other's hands. In fack, I rayther approved of the latter proceedin, for it carrid me back to the sunny spring-time of my life. I'm in the shear and yeller leaf now, but I don't forgit the time when to squeeze my Betsy's hand sent a thrill through me like fallin off the roof of a two-story house; and I never squeezed that gentle hand without wantin to do so some more, and feelin that it did me good.

Trooly yours,

ARTEMUS WARD.

USE OF PERSIMMONS.—While the rebel General Johnson was marching with his men to Bristoe Station, in the fall of 1863, he perceived one of his men up a persimmon tree, and called out to him: "I say there, what are you doing up there? Why ain't you with your regiment?" "I'm gettin 'simmins, I am," said the soldier. "Persimmons thunder! They are not ripe yet. They are not fit to eat." "Yes, but General," persisted the Confed, "I am trying to draw my stomach up to suit the size of my rations. If it stays as it is now I shall starve." The General had nothing further to say, but rode on.

☞ Rev. E. Stephenson and all of the members of his family, living near Glencliff station, on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, were recently poisoned by arsenic accidentally put in some biscuits, and no physician being available, all of them swallowed pieces of tobacco, which proved efficient antidotes.

☞ A man recently knocked down an elephant. He was an auctioneer.

☞ At an equestrienne tournament in San Francisco, on the 6th ult., twelve ladies competing, Miss Marion Evans, daughter of Albert S. Evans, Esq., of the *Alta Californian*, rode a mile in 2 28, winning the first prize, a gold watch and chain worth $220.

☞ An English paper says: "One hears of strange patents at times. Before one of the law courts recently figured a poor crazy man, who pretended that he had invented a machine by which he could extract poetry of the highest quality from any scrap of paper."

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 6000 bbls sold at $8@8,50 for superfine; $9@10,50 for extra; $12@13,50 for Northwest extra family, the latter rate for fancy; $13@14,50 for Penna and Ohio family, and $15@16 ℔ bbl for fancy brands as to quality. Rye Flour; sales 50 bbls at $7,25 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN—There is little or no demand for Wheat. We quote Penna red at $3, and Southern at $3,15@3,20 White ranges from $3,25 to 3,30. Rye is held at $1,35 ℔ bus for Western, and $1,40 for Penna. Corn; small sales of old yellow at $1,18@1,20, and new do at 90@95c. Oats; sales 1000 bus at 58@59c ℔ bus

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull. In Mess Beef there is no material change to notice. Western sells at $16@20, and city packed at $22@24 ℔ bbl. Beef Hams—100 bbls sold at $25 ℔ bbl. Small sales are making at $24 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork. 19@23c ℔ ℔ for plain and fancy Bacon Hams, 16c for pickled do, 14@14½c for salt Shoulders and 13@14c ℔ ℔ for lard, as to quality Butter—Small sales are making at 20@35c for roll; 30@32c for dairy, and 15@16c ℔ ℔ for solid packed. Cheese is selling at 15@18c ℔ ℔ for New York factory Eggs sell at at 37@39c ℔ doz

COTTON—The market continues dull. About 600 bales of Middlings sold, in lots at 32@33c for Uplands, and 34@35c ℔ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Small sales of 1st No 1 Quercitron are making at $35 ℔ ton. Spanish Oak is quoted at $40 ℔ cord.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 40@41c ℔ ℔.

COAL—Sales are making at $5,25@5,50 for White Ash, and $5,50@6 ℔ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS—Sales of good Western are making at 65@75c, and choice at 87@90c ℔ ℔.

FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at $2@5 ℔ bbl. Dried Apples—10,000 ℔s sold at 9½@10½c ℔ ℔. Dried Peaches—Sales of unpared quarters at 16@17c, halves at 20@21c, and pared at from 32@35c ℔ ℔

HOPS—Small sales of fair to choice quality have been reported at 40@55c, as to quality.

PLASTER—Sales of soft at $4,50 ℔ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Small sales are making at 9@10 ℔ ℔s for old and new; 500 bus of Timothy sold at $3,25@3,50. Flaxseed sells at $3,25 ℔ bus

SPIRITS—New England Rum sells at $2,62@2,65 ℔ gal. Whiskey—150 bbls sold at $2 40@2,41 for Pennsylvania, and $2,43@2,44 ℔ gallon for Ohio

TALLOW—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12c ℔ ℔.

WOOL—The market continues dull About 50,000 ℔s sold at 63@65c for extra fine; 58@60c for fine; 52@55c for medium; 45@47c for common; 40@42c for No. 1 pulled, and 30@35c ℔ ℔ for unwashed.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2500 head. The prices ranged from 15@16 cts ℔ ℔. 250 Cows brought from $50 to 80 ℔ head. Sheep—9 to 10 head were disposed of at from 5@7 cts ℔ ℔. 4000 Hogs sold at from $10,00@11,00 ℔ 100 ℔s.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

REDUCED PRICES TO CLUBS.

BEAUTIFUL PREMIUM ENGRAVING.

The proprietors of the "oldest and best of the weeklies" have resolved to reduce their terms to club subscribers for the coming year, and to offer unequalled inducements to those who incur the labor of making up the clubs, as well as to those who remit, as single subscribers, the full subscription price.

A large and beautiful steel line engraving, 28 inches long by 20 inches wide, possessing all the softness and peculiar charm of Mezzotint, called

"ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS,"

will be sent *gratis* to every single ($2.50) subscriber, and to every person sending on a club. The great expense of this Premium will, we trust, be compensated by a large increase of our subscription list.

The contents of THE POST shall consist, as heretofore, of the very best original and selected matter that can be procured—

Stories, Sketches, Essays,

ANECDOTES, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, RECEIPTS, NEWS, LETTERS, from the best native and foreign sources.

We design commencing, in the first number of January, a new story, called

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A Tale of the South-West,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

whose stories of "THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST" and "THE WHITE SLAVE, A TALE OF MEXICO," have been so eagerly read in our paper during the present year. This and other SERIAL STORIES—now on hand, or negotiated for—with shorter stories from OUR HOST OF OLD CONTRIBUTORS will present a Feast of Good Things for the coming year.

Special Offer to New Subscribers.

New subscribers for 1867, will have their names entered on our list the very week their names are received. Thus new subscribers who send on their names by the first of November, will receive THE POST for November and December, in addition to the whole of 1867—making Fourteen Months in all. Those who send by the first of December, will receive Thirteen Months. This is both a liberal and an unusual offer—and will probably never be repeated.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

THE POST is exclusively devoted to Literature, and therefore does not discuss political or sectarian questions. It is a common ground, where all can meet in harmony, without regard to their views upon the political or sectarian questions of the day.

TERMS.

Our terms are the same as those of that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (with the large Premium Engraving) - - - - - - $2.50

CLUBS.

2 copies - - - - - -	$4.00	14 copies (and one to getter-up of club)	$20.00
4 " - - - - - -	8.00	20 " " " "	28 00
5 " (and one to getter-up of club	8 00	28 " " " "	35.00
8 " " " "	12.00	1 copy of The Post and 1 of The Lady's Friend	4.00

A copy of the large and beautiful Premium Engraving ("One of Life's Happy Hours") WILL BE SENT TO EVERY ONE SENDING ON A CLUB. The sender of a club of five and over, will of course get the engraving in addition to his paper.

☞ Any member of a club wishing the engraving must remit *one dollar extra.*

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

In addition to the SEWING MACHINE which we have offered for four years past, to the great advantage of hundreds of our subscribers, we now offer SILVER PLATED TEA SETS, and TEA and TABLE SPOONS, &c., GOLD and SILVER WATCHES, DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, ALLEN'S RIFLES, MELODEONS, CLOTHES' WRINGERS, APPLETON'S CYCLOPÆDIA, &c., as follows:

No. 1.	For 4 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—	a Propeller Pencil, gold mounted, worth	-	-	$3.00
" 2.	For 6 " " 2.50 "	one dozen Silver Plated Teaspoons, worth	-	-	7.00
		or half dozen Silver Plated Tablespoons, worth	-	-	7.00
		or half dozen Silver Plated Forks, worth	-	-	7.00
		or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	-	-	10.00
		or a Silver Plated Castor, worth	-	-	10.00
No. 3.	For 10 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—	a Silver Plated Cake Basket, worth	-	-	12.00
		or a Silver Plated Ice Pitcher, worth	-	-	12.00
" 4.	For 12 " " 2.50 "	a Doty's Washing Machine, worth	-	-	14.00
" 5.	For 15 " " 2.50 "	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	-	-	20.00
" 6.	For 20 " " 2.50 "	a Fine Double Barrel Gun, worth	-	-	25.00
" 7.	For 24 " " 2.50 "	a Fine Silver Watch, worth	-	-	30.00
" 8.	For 30 " " 2.50 "	an Allen's Patent Breech Loading Rifle, worth	-	-	35.00
" 9.	For 20 " " 2.50 "	a Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, worth	-	-	55.00
" 10.	For 40 " " 2.50 "	a Silver Plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	-	-	50.00
" 11.	For 50 " " 2.50 "	a Lady's Fine Gold Watch, worth	-	-	75.00
" 12.	For 50 " " 2.50 "	Appleton's American Cyclopædia, 16 vols., worth	-	-	80.00
" 13.	For 50 " " 2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (4 octaves) worth			75.00
" 14.	For 75 " " 2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Melodeons (5 octaves) worth			110.00
" 15.	For 75 " " 2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organs (4 octaves), worth	-	-	110.00
" 16.	For 200 " " 2.50 "	one of Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums (5 octaves), worth	-	-	200.00

REMARKS.

Everything offered in the above list, is guaranteed to be the best of its kind for the price. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this, the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for The Post exclusively, *or* for The Lady's Friend exclusively, or partly for one and partly for the other, as is desired.

☞ REMEMBER—each subscriber is to receive, *in addition to his magazine or paper*, a copy of the large and beautiful Premium Steel Engraving, "ONE OF LIFE'S HAPPY HOURS." The regular club subscribers do not receive this engraving, unless they send one dollar extra for it.

The Canvasser for a Premium list would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of the Premium Engraving. He can get these, either by subscribing for the paper or magazine for a year, or by inclosing us *one dollar*, for which sum we will send a copy of all three to those desirous of making up lists, but to those only. The magazine and paper, without the engraving, will be sent for twenty cents.

Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The Freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines and engravings at once.

THE PREMIUMS.

No. 1. The Propeller Pencil is made of Gutta Percha, with 18 carat gold mounting, finely chased. It is both useful and handsome.

No. 2. The Silver Plated Spoons, and Forks, and Castors are of the first quality, heavily plated on good white metal. The pattern is good, and they are the workmanship of one of the best makers. The castors contain six cut glass bottles, and are revolving.

The Universal Clothes Wringer is, we think, the best of its kind. We have it in constant use ourselves, and no family should be without it. It saves work, preserves the clothes, and can be readily adjusted upon any form of tub. We oiling the family size, provided with *Cogs*, which make the rollers turn together, and which we consider essential to prevent injury to the fabrics, loosening of the rubber, &c.

No. 3. The Silver Plated Cake Basket and Ice Pitcher, are excellent goods and pretty patterns. The Cake Basket may be ordered round or oval, as desired.

No. 4. This Washing Machine is very highly recommended by those who have used it.

No. 5. This is a Silver Lever Watch in a hunting (or closed) case, with good works.

No. 6. Is a Twist Double Barrel Gun, Patent Breech, finely finished—an excellent article.

No. 7. Is also a Silver Lever Watch with a hunting case, and a finer finished article than No. 5.

No. 8. Is Allen's Patent, *Breech Loading* Rifle—large bore. One of the best of the breech-loaders.

No. 9. Is the Wheeler & Wilson No. 3 Sewing Machine, such as we have offered for the last four years. We will also send this Machine on the old terms of twenty subscribers and sixty dollars (that is, ten dollars *in addition* to the amount of the subscription price) if desired. And we will send any of the higher priced Wheeler & Wilson's Machines, if the difference in price is also remitted.

No. 10. There are *six pieces* in this set. A *Coffee-Pot*, *two Tea-Pots*, a *Creamer*, *Sugar* and *Slop Bowls*. Silver Plated on the best White Metal, they have all the beauty of solid silver, and are now used in the very best families. The pattern is a beautiful one—and altogether this is a most desirable Premium. The set will be boxed carefully, and shipped from the manufacturer by railroad or express, as desired.

No. 11. This is a Lady's Fine Gold Lever Watch—in a hunting (or closed) case, beautifully enamelled, and with excellent works. A splendid Premium, to be obtained by a little exertion. A school might make up a list, and get a Silver or Gold Watch as a Christmas or New Year's present for the teacher.

No. 12. Appleton's New American Cyclopædia—embodying the latest and most reliable information upon about twenty-five thousand different subjects. Sixteen large volumes, of seven hundred and fifty pages each. A splendid present for a Teacher or a Minister, from a School or Congregation.

Nos. 13 and 14. Carhart & Needham's 4 octave and 5 octave Melodeons, in beautiful Rosewood cases; scroll leg, portable style.

No. 15. Carhart & Needham's Parlor Organ, 4 octaves, Single Reed, Black Walnut case, oil finish.

No. 16. Carhart & Needham's Church Organ Harmoniums, in Black Walnut cases, oil finish. Five octaves. Three Sets of Reeds, and Seven Stops.

These Melodeons, Organs, and Harmoniums could easily be obtained by the members of a Day-School, Sunday-School, or Church. Their value we need not dwell upon. As to their quality, the manufacturers, Carhart & Needham, Nos. 27, 29 and 101 East Twenty-Third Street, New York city, would be pleased to answer all letters in reference thereto, and furnish satisfactory evidence.

WATCHES.—All of the watches will be put in good running order before they are sent.

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CONSOLATION.

"The torrent of the world is rough and strong,
No eyes with loving tenderneeses glisten.
I cannot sing a truth inspiring song
If none on earth will listen."

The angel answered: Wherefore dost thou sigh?
The courser faints not ere the race be run—
The meanest blossom may not, cannot die
Before its work be done.

The prayer bells in thy heart should summon still
The world all day, at noon, at eve, at dawning,
And not, like yonder church upon the hill,
Only on Sunday morning.

The belfry ropes have hung a long, long time,
But only midnight breezes make them quiver,
Let thy heart ring, like some cathedral chime,
Forever and forever.

If there be none to hearken to thy song—
No ears to heed—no loving eyes to glisten—
God's little wood-birds sing the whole day long,
And care not who will listen.

Then let the roses of thy fancy peep
Within the love-lit cottage of thy heart;
And, like a consecrated treasure, keep
The knowledge of thine art.

And lift thy trusting eyes unto the sky,
For heaven—not earth—shall give thy words a hearing;
Speak truth undauntedly, and live and die
Life loving, death unfearing.

Scorn not thy life—it is the gift of God;
Scorn not thy kind—they are His children, too;
The dark-blue violet rises from the sod
All the long winter through.

It throws a smile upon each winter day—
A fragrance o'er the frosty atmosphere;
Thou hast had many winters; I will stay
With thee another year.

Hunting a Murderer.

In the year 184– I was living in a retired little shooting lodge on the south-west coast of Ireland. About a month previous to the time of which I write a gentleman had been shot down at his own gate in Tipperary. Everybody knew that the murderer was lurking somewhere in my neighborhood, in the hope of obtaining a passage to America. An unusually large reward had been offered for his apprehension, and the police were scouring the country, night and day, in every direction.

One fine summer evening I had returned from a long day's fishing in the bay, and was smoking a farewell pipe for the night, when I heard the tramp of horses feet on the gravel outside, followed by a sharp ring at the bell. It was with no small delight I recognized the well-known voice of Frank Butler, a constabulary officer and one of my oldest friends.

When we had seen the horse made up (a splendid hunter, which had carried its master nearly sixty miles that day,) and sat down to supper, I noticed that Frank looked more tired and care-worn than I had ever seen him before. It was not long until the cause came out.

"You have heard of this murder, of course, Harry," he said; "that is what brought me over to night; it occurred in my district, and the gentleman was an intimate friend. I would have dined with him that day, but was called suddenly on duty, and sent an apology at the last moment. I was told since that he walked down to his avenue gate to meet me. His hand was on the latch when the villain fired from behind a tree, and he did not bring his life to the ground. You know this country well?" he added abruptly.

"So well, that if the fellow is lying out anywhere within five miles, I think I could undertake to put you on his track."

Frank sprang from his chair and walked hurriedly through the room.

"I would give my right arm to be face to face with him, Harry. If you had seen poor ———'s wife; her weary, hopeless face has been haunting me ever since; I can never rest until the murderer is taken; and I have certain information that he is lying out somewhere. Every house has been searched over and over again, but I cannot think of bringing you into the business. One victim is enough. If it were known you would be a marked man."

"Make your mind easy on that score, Frank; no one of the fellows here will touch a hair of my head, especially in a stranger's quarrel. My life is in most of their leases, and the heir-at-law is not such a favorite that they would shoot me to bring him in. So now to business. I will get the ordinance map, and we can trace out the plan of our campaign."

Our task was not such a difficult one, after all; the ground to be searched was limited and tolerably open, consisting chiefly of bog, mountain and shore, with every foot of which I was acquainted. I pointed out to Frank each day's work on the map; and without assistance, and hunting in couples, three days would be amply sufficient to beat it all.

I had a brace of young setters in training at the time, and, to prevent suspicion, it was agreed we should go out as if dog-breaking was our only object; accordingly, early the following morning, well provided with all the "etceteras" for such work, we started on our first day's hunt. It proved a blank; but the second day showed us that our game was on foot and not far off. In a little wooded glen we came upon several artfully concealed lairs, which were evidently lately occupied, and in one of them I picked up an old pistol flint that had been thrown away and replaced, as there was some paper lying beside it, from which a small piece had been torn as if to cover a new one. We tracked footsteps for a considerable distance from it until they were lost in a heathery bog, and, darkness coming on, were forced to give up the search.

I don't think either of us slept much that night. When I went to Frank's room in the morning he was already dressed. "One word, Harry," he said, "before we go. This man is armed to the teeth, and swears he will not be taken alive. These fellows seldom die game when run to the earth, but he cannot be worse off, and may keep his word. Promise me, if there is any fighting, you will act as a reserve, and leave me to deal with him alone."

I did promise, with some mental reservations, and we started. There was a long day's work before us; all the likely places we had come across in our previous search had to be visited, some of them miles apart. Frank's senses seemed preternaturally sharpened. No trace, however slight, escaped his notice. A red Indian could hardly have displayed more sagacity in following up his enemy's trail. It was then for the first time that I learned how exciting a man-hunt becomes under certain circumstances.

Towards evening we reached a mountain—our last hope. There was only one face of it, over the sea, where a man would be likely to conceal himself. That side was composed of a number of perpendicular cliffs, separated from each other by green platforms, varying in breadth from a foot to ten; but all sloping downward at a considerable angle, so as to make the footing rather precarious. The cliffs gradually increased in height until the lowest, which went right down, for one hundred feet into the Atlantic Ocean.

While taking a hurried cast through some broken ground, we met a little boy herding cattle. He could not speak English; but we managed to ascertain that a stranger had given him a penny the day before to run down the hill for a lighted turf; when he returned, the man was gone, and he had not seen him since.

The scent was getting hot, and our spirits rose as we commenced the sea-side of the mountain. There were caves in several of the platforms, and these we agreed to search together. They were very narrow, scarcely admitting one person abreast; and it was nervous work feeling our way onward, not knowing the moment when the darkness would be illuminated by the flash of a pistol, which must have proved a death-signal for one or the other. Frank always insisted on going first, and omitted no possible precaution, examining the outside carefully for tracks, and sending the dogs forward. The latter, however, were so tired after three days' continuous work, as to be of little use.

We had reached the last shelf but one, and as it contained no caves, and was nearly all visible from the platform immediately above, which had just been searched, I was about to pass on to the lower one just over the sea, when a mark in some fresh earth, scraped from a rabbit-hole across the path, attracted my attention; and, on a closer view, I could distinctly see traces of a man's foot. Frank was by my side in a few seconds, and down on his knees examining the track. There was no mistake about it; there it was plainly visible, leading inward, and no sign of it returning. Some one was there; whether the man we were in search of or not, remained to be seen. Frank rose from his knees and drew a long breath.

"Any outlet from this?" he asked.

"None whatever. It stops suddenly about one hundred yards further on. The rock above and below is thirty feet high, and smooth as marble. Now that I remember, there is a large stone just where the pathway ends, behind which a man might lie. If he were anywhere else I must have seen him from the upper one."

We walked on silent and cautious for some distance, until we reached a projecting rock. I touched Frank.

"When we turn that corner, we will be within ten yards of the end."

He made no reply, put his gun under his arm and sauntered carelessly around. As he did so, I saw him stop suddenly and draw himself up to his full height.

Ranging alongside, I could see the figure of a man crouching like a wild beast behind the stone; his head was just visible above it, and the long barrel of a cavalry pistol was pointed directly at us. The dogs now sprang forward and commenced baying furiously. The man was the first to speak.

"Call off yer dogs," he shouted, "av yer care for them!"

"Let the dogs alone, Ryan," said Frank, coolly. "I have a warrant for you for the murder of Captain ———. Put your pistol down and come forward."

The fellow gave a savage laugh.

"Come a step nearer, Butler, and see if yer warrant can stop a ball?"

Frank's eyes flashed at the threat, but restraining himself, he drew back to the shelter of the angle.

"We must give the fellow time to think, Harry. If we rush at him now, he is sure to knock one or the other of us over; and I don't like shooting him, if it can be helped."

"Had you not better go for some of your fellows? I will keep guard until you return."

"They would shoot him down at once. I dare not risk their lives on that narrow path. No, dead or alive, I shall not leave this place without him."

He stepped back for a few paces and scanned the rock above attentively.

"Do you see that holly-bush right over him, Harry? Could you get to it without being seen?"

"Easily; but what good could I do there?"

"Leave that to me, old fellow; his flank will be turned at all events, and you will have him under your gun. Don't fire until you see me down; then use your own discretion."

With some reluctance I consented to go round. Taking off my shoes, I crept cautiously down and peered over. I had scarcely done so when Frank stepped out again with his watch in his hand. He spoke low, but every word fell on my ear distinctly.

"I shall give you five minutes, Ryan; if you don't throw down your arms then and come out, expect no mercy, for you will get none. I'll shoot you as I would a mad dog."

"Then say your prayers in the meantime," said the ruffian, jeeringly; "you'll want them if you lift that gun to your shoulder."

The five minutes which ensued were the longest I ever spent in my life. It was a glorious summer's evening. The sun was going down, throwing a flood of light on the ocean far below and the white wings of the seagulls as they flitted in and out from their nests in the cliff. The rabbits were at play on the slopes, and a colony of choughs, with their scarlet wings and glossy plumage, were wheeling and screaming over my head. But for that crouching and blood-stained figure beneath, all would have looked peaceful and happy. I tried to keep counting the seconds by the beating of my own heart, which was plainly audible; but every trifling incident was sufficient to distract my attention. There was a great black snake crawling toward a stone, and I began to speculate whether he would reach it before the time was up. Then a wren, whose nest was in the bush, perched on a twig near me, and commenced chattering and swearing in my face, until a hawk came gliding round, and the little fellow, with a cry of terror, disappeared in the grass.

Two minutes had passed away. I looked down at the murderer. It was evident the words were beginning to tell. He was moving uneasily from side to side, like a wolf in a trap. Several times he examined the lock of his pistol, and tried to find a place in the rock which would afford him more shelter. Once I thought he was going to speak, but the words seemed to choke him. Then crossing himself devoutly, and having arranged the weapon apparently to his satisfaction, he lay sullenly biding his time.

Would the five minutes never pass? Frank still stood directly in front, watch in hand, and the gun under his arm. He had lit a cigar, and was lounging lazily back against the cliff. Careless as he appeared, I knew him too well to doubt that he would hesitate for a second in going or firing as he had promised. At the time, he was giving his antagonist fearful odds. Then only I began to realize the part I had to play. It was unfortunately too plain. The man must be disabled before he could commit another murder. That could only be done by shooting him down. In a fair fight I would not, I think, have hesitated; but my blood ran cold at the idea now. Yet what was I to do? There was no other way to save my friend's life, and God help me, it must be done.

I had nerved myself up to fire at all risks the instant I saw the murderer putting his finger on the trigger of his pistol, and had just brought my gun to bear when Frank's voice rang out loud and clear.

"Your time has come—look up!"

Involuntarily he did so, and caught my eye; a spasm of mortal fear passed across his features. He made no effort to raise the pistol, but a wire cartridge from Frank's gun mashed on the cliff behind him, passing within an inch of his head. The weapon dropped from his hand; in three bounds my friend had him in his clutch, dragged him over the rock, and the struggle began.

It was short, but from the nature of the ground a fearful one. A false step would have sent the two over the precipice to the shelf below, and from that a hundred feet down into the Atlantic Ocean. Both were strong, powerful men, in weight the murderer was greatly superior, but in science and activity there were few able to cope with Frank. The murderer struggled hard for an inside place, and succeeded in getting to a kind of cleft in the rock, which gave him a slight advantage. It was only momentary; Frank tore him from it with a pull that brought some of the loose stones crashing down, and with the shock they went reeling and staggering to the very edge of the cliff.

I could stand it no longer; there was a long check cord which I had brought for my dogs, in my pocket; fastening it to the bush, I lowered myself down. As I touched the ground he succeeded in drawing a knife; Frank parried the thrust, and disengaging his left hand, struck heavily twice. The man dropped on his knees, and began to beg for mercy. I rushed forward with a vague feeling of terror. As I came up the unfortunate wretch cried out—

"Save me, for God's sake, sir! He is going to throw me over!"

I looked at Frank's face; there was an expression there I never saw before, and I would never like to see it again.

"Let him go, Frank," I shouted; "that's the hangman's work, not yours."

He did not hear me; grasping the fellow with both hands, he swung himself half round, and flung him off with all his strength. It was well the coat the villain wore was made of the strongest frieze; as it was, we were nearly going over together. I laid him on his back, where he remained without sense or motion. Frank glared at him for a few seconds in silence, then took my hand, and said slowly—

"You are a good fellow, Harry, and I thank you; I didn't know what I was doing."

He turned away with a shudder, while I poured out some brandy from my flask, and threw it in the murderer's face. He recovered after a time and sat up, staring wildly round and trembling all over. I never saw a wretch so completely subdued; he clung to me for protection, and became as abject and cringing as he had been insolent before. We waited until dusk, and then brought him to the police barracks. Before sunrise, the next morning, he was twenty miles on his way back to the place from whence he came. At the following assizes he was tried and convicted; the judge was merciful, and gave him a "long day." In the meantime fever broke out in the jail, and he proved one of the first victims. The last words he uttered were, "Don't throw me over!" Let us hope his prayer was granted.

LOVE IN NOVEMBER.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

On a terrace a moment we linger:
The woodlands are hidden in mist,
And numbed is my lady-love's finger,
Her lips are too iced to be kissed.
Scarce Love from that portal can flutter,
Which *sweetest* is marked in his chart;
Yet, though plaints of the weather lips utter,
Sweet eyes are as warm as sweet heart.
Still she says, "Oh, my darling, remember,
If dreary and chill I appear,
I told you I thought that November
Was the very worst month in the year."

'Tis so, ah, my own! yet 'tis not so;
November with visions is rife
Of the summer we all have forgot so,
Of spring that shall wake us to life.
Look back to the thrush and the starling,
The rose petals reddening the grass—
Look on to the violets, my darling,
Soon sweetening the lanes as we pass;
And kiss me—kiss close—and remember,
My beauty, my sweetheart, my dove,
That even in chilly November
There's summer on lips that can love.

☞ An Irishman from Battle Creek, Mich., was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on his left hand was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of his comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed up to him, exclaiming, "Blasht yer sowl, ye ould woman, shtop crying; ye make more noise about it than the man that loseht his head."

☞ The letter W should be in favor with the male sex, from the fact that it is the initial of words representing the things and qualities in which men take the most delight. For instance: Wealth, wit, wisdom, war, wine and women, including wives, widows, and—in the language of the waggish Weller—"wirgins."

FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

The way is dark, my Father! Cloud on cloud
Is gathering thickly o'er my head, and loud
The thunders roar above me. See, I stand
Like one bewildered! Father, take my hand,
And through the gloom
Lead safely home
Thy child!

The day goes fast, my Father! and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees ghostly visions. Fears, a spectral band,
Encompass me. O Father! take my hand,
And from the night
Lead up to light
Thy child!

The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal:
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!

The path is rough, my Father! Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my weary feet, all torn
And bleeding, mark the way. Yet thy command
Bids me press forward. Father, take my hand;
Then, safe and blest,
Lead up to rest
Thy child!

The throng is great, my Father! Many a doubt
And fear and danger compass me about;
And foes oppress me sore. I can not stand
Or go alone. O Father, take my hand;
And through the throng
Lead safe along
Thy child!

The cross is heavy, Father! I have borne
It long, and still do bear it. Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that blest land
Where crowns are given. Father, take my hand;
And, reaching down,
Lead to the crown
Thy child.

Concerning Temper.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I believe in it! I wouldn't give a Gift Enterprise spoon for that human creature who hasn't any temper. "Control your temper?" Yes. It might do up in heaven, where they say there isn't any mulishness, nor any lying, nor laziness. It might be the thing in that blessed world where the wicked cease from troubling, and there are no insurance agents. Nor any taxes, nor peddlers. Where the weary are at rest, and you haven't any relations. But folks weren't meant for angels in this world. Not much. That little bit of Old Adam in every one of us was not put there either to be beaten out, choked out, or prayed out. A mysterious visitation of Providence mixed it in to stay exactly where it is. For self-defence. Do you hear? For self-defence. The Almighty gave to other animals their teeth and toe-nails, but to man He gave tongue and temper.

There's nothing like a good, healthy temper for making folks stand out of your way here below. It inspires all manner of sponges with a wholesome awe. It keeps your brothers and sisters from imposing upon you when you are little, and it keeps impudence at a respectful distance when you are large. And moves things before a man generally.

It's all gammon about having the temper of an angel. If an angel should alight down just as he is, wings, temper and all, it would be very bad indeed for the angel. Thieves would steal from him, hack-drivers would insult him, ragged boys in the street would pull his wing feathers out, and the blessed insurance agents would worrit him night and day. Boarding-house-keepers would fleece him, waiters would let him starve, his landlady would scold at him for being late, and the washerwoman wouldn't half do his collars. All because he was an angel, and wouldn't dare open his mouth. But his worst plague would be the insurance business.

Be spunky. A spunky man is never a lazy man. The man who conquers all obstacles in his upward path is the man who, if occasion demands, will fight people as well as things. The springy, energetic, successful man in this world is usually the man who would not swallow an insult from his own grandmother. The driving, active, live man is always the man who has fight in him, more or less, generally more. He sends humbugs and spongers spinning out headforemost. He works by the rushing way of doing things, and accomplishes more in a single day than a better-tempered man will in a month.

On the contrary, the easy-going, good-natured is most always the slow coach. He does not become rich, and his relations don't respect him. And in nine cases out of ten his wife is a strong-minded woman.

What is more, in nearly every instance where you find an able-bodied human biped too lazy to earn his own living, he will be a "good-natured fellow." A good-natured fellow, to be sure, but with hardly ambition enough to get him out of bed in the morning.

Subdue your temper? Don't tell me! You don't want it subdued. You want it to wake up and to shake up things occasionally. You don't want to absolutely follow the example of the amiable wife who, in a rage at her bigger half, seized a splendid old-fashioned astral lamp, and dashed it in a thousand fragments on the velvet carpet. Didn't she make the oil fly, though! You don't want exactly to do that, but it must be confessed that even this lamp-breaking had rather a healthy effect on her loving spouse.

Rail out on principle now and then. Defend your rights, for your neighbors will not do it for you. Find fault to your heart's content, and make people mend their faults. They will respect you ten times as much if they know you are capable of pitching into them when they need it. And they will like you none the less. A poor, pusillanimous sheep of a man, who lets everybody run over his privileges, may not have any enemies, it is true, but neither will he have any friends. He is not worth having for a friend. "He makes no friend who never made a foe."

Subdue your temper? Nonsense. What do you suppose the good God gave it to you for?

Make a sheep of yourself, and the wolf will eat you. There is hardly anything with quite so much gospel in it as that old German sentence. The person who tries to be an angel here will end by being a sheep. Every wolf he meets will take a bite at him. Moreover he may expect to be sheared, and well sheared. That individual who sings: "I want to be an angel," does wisely to add that he also desires his boarding-house removed to that region wherein the angels dwell.

Saints are not adapted to our climate.

A puny, spiritless soul who will not fight for himself and those dear to him, has no business on earth. If you have not temper enough to take care of yourself, you might as well be in heaven for all the good you do here.

Be spunky, and if you can't be spunky, be as spunky as you can. ZIG.

A Duel at New Orleans.

A Reminiscence of Sixty Years Ago.

Hermann and Perdious were two rival teachers of fencing who had long been antagonists, but could not, however, live apart from one another, and although each had a fencing room of his own, there was no power which could have induced them to spend their evenings anywhere else but at the same coffee-house.

We have already said that both were fencing masters, and, as we suppose, each taught that branch in which he was most efficient—Hermann the sabre, broad-sword or counter-point, and Perdious the small sword or point.

The eternal topic between them, discussed at every meeting and under every circumstance, was necessarily the relative merits of their respective branches of the fencing art.

Unfortunately, driven by the taunts of others, Perdious undertook to lower, in the estimation of their hearers, the efficiency of the broad-sword exercise, declaring that it was one requiring only brutal force but a very limited amount of science—adding at the same time that although he thoroughly despised it, he considered himself equal to the most famous of the professors of the broad-sword.

This was so direct a fling at Hermann that he could not stand it, and he met the assertion by a most emphatic and energetic denial.

They soon exchanged words of mutual defiance, when, as with a view to reduce the rising quarrel to a simple wager of skill, Hermann broke out with the following proposition, to wit: That if Perdious would agree, on his honor, not to use the small sword or point game, he would wager twenty dollars to ten, that he, Hermann, would cut off Perdious' head.

The proposition was made in such a cool, business-like manner, that its honor did not appear to strike either of the parties or the spectators, and Perdious, after a few moments' reflection stretched out his hand to Hermann, and accepted the offer.

Hermann suggested that a stakeholder should be appointed and the stakes deposited, to which Perdious agreed; but the umpire once chosen, it turned out that neither of them had a cent to stake, and this threatened for a time to stop further progress, when, unfortunately, their respective pupils, considering themselves in honor bound to see the question "honorably" settled, two thoughtless youths advanced the amount required.

All that remained was to settle the conditions of the encounter, which was done, as usual on unexpected cases, in writing, duly signed, sealed, and delivered in duplicate, as follows, or nearly so:

"Whereas, Hermann has offered to Perdious a bet of $20 to $10 that he, the said Hermann, would cut off the head of him, the said Perdious, in a fair, stand-up fight, provided he, the said Perdious, would conform to certain conditions, it is hereby agreed that on to-morrow morning at ———, the said parties shall meet with their respective friends, and such others as may choose to attend, at the old brick-yard, near Marigny's canal, to decide the question.

"It is further agreed, that the parties shall meet with broad-swords, and that neither of them shall use the point or thrust, but shall confine himself to the counter point game, under the penalty of being ruled out; the fight to continue until the bet be decided, or either party agree to forfeit his stake."

This curious document, after having been critically examined by the principals, was signed by them, and their seconds, who, unfortunately, happening to be young, reckless fellows, could not see anything in this beyond a "good joke."

The two adversaries then resumed their friendly game of dominoes, drank their usual amount of pony brandies, and parted, as usual, about midnight, with the most cordial wishes for each other's health and prosperity.

During the evening, however, the news spread like wildfire, that Hermann had engaged to cut off Perdious' head for ten dollars a side, and that the fight was coming off at six in the morning. The police, as usual, took good care to take no notice of it, but to let their friends at leisure know of the sport in store, which they, with a sigh, said they could not conveniently attend.

The spot chosen for the meeting was near the old canal Marigny, formerly a plantation drain, enlarged afterwards to accommodate the growing city.

At an earlier hour, a gay crowd was collected on and around the ground, discussing the probable result of the bet, and warmly taking part each for his favorite.

Soon afterwards, the two antagonists, arm in arm, were seen to approach, and were greeted with most uproarious cheers, which they acknowledged in a courteous manner, and for a time it seemed as if the main object had been entirely overlooked, and the parties on the ground were preparing for some great hunt or picnic.

There was, however, a notable difference between the aspect of the men. Hermann, like a true "Lunicer," was full of boast and brag, twisting his gray moustache, and swinging to and fro on his long, nervous legs, while Perdious was more reserved, more guarded, and a slight nervous trepidation of the muscles of his handsome face was clearly perceptible.

Finally, the seconds succeeded in clearing the ground, or at least as much as was at first necessary, and soon the parties stood face to face, the advantages of the sun having been fairly divided, so that each had it on one side and neither in front. By the necessity of the arrangement, Perdious was placed with his back to the canal, the banks of which were a little higher than the ground on which he stood, and from which he was separated by not more than one acre of clear open ground.

The conditions having been read aloud, the parties were then respectively armed by their friends, when Hermann, who had slightly imbibed in the morning, called to his seconds, and, as we learnt afterwards, that he knew full well Perdious was no match for him, and that he did not intend to hurt him, but only to give him a lesson by compelling him to "break" or retreat as far as the canal, and there force him in.

Inexperienced as were his seconds, they strongly remonstrated against such a plan, which almost invariably proves fatal, and had, but a few years before, under similar circumstances, and on the very same spot, caused the death of a celebrated French fencing master much addicted to bullying, who, having picked up a quarrel with a French journalist not skilled in the use of weapons, had been challenged by him, chose the broad-sword, and as much with a view to spare the man's life as to make him ridiculous, had succeeded in driving him to within a few inches of the brink of the canal, when, in the attempt to frighten him into further retreat, he aimed a terrible blow at his head, thus throwing himself completely out of guard, while the young Frenchman, who, as brave as he was unskilled, seeing that further retreat was impossible, stood the attack without flinching, and instead of losing time in the attempt to parry the threatened blow, made a terrible straight lunge at his uncovered adversary and buried his sword to the hilt in his breast.

But this example could not deter Hermann from having his fun, and the swords having been finally crossed about four inches from the point, the sacramental words, "Partez, Messieurs," were given, and the champions were left to themselves.

"After the usual amount of feints and "feelers" with which skillful swordsmen generally prelude, Hermann came out with a dashing, brilliant game, which Perdious met by a most sober series of parries, showing that he fully appreciated the superior handling of his adversary, who, fencing, as it were, for honor, was not sparing of his most elegant flourishes.

Those flourishes necessarily always threw him out of guard, but, relying on the sacred pledge that the point was not to be used, Hermann indulged them very extensively, and ostensibly for effect.

Yet, as under full control of his blade, and remarkably chary in his game, Perdious was baffling the brilliant, but after all not over dangerous, efforts of Hermann, the impetuous nature of the latter became excited, and although contrary to all rules—and who there cared for rules—Hermann commenced taunting his adversary, and, in his strongly Germanized French, kept systematically repeating, "Perdious, my good friend, I am going to cut your head off," and then closing up on him with a more reserved game, he would compel the Gascon to yield—reluctantly, it is true, and only inch by inch—but yet, to yield a little ground each time under each new attack.

And those attacks, following the monotonous "Perdious, my good friend, I must cut your head off," were becoming more pressing. Once or twice a nervous motion of Perdious' arm could be observed, showing that, instinctively, he felt tempted to take advantage of Hermann's uncovered guard, and send his shining point through his breast.

These indications did not escape the quick-practiced eye of Hermann, who twice suddenly stopping, said aloud, "Gentlemen, please remark, I think the scoundrel intends to break his pledge and to use the point—mind, Perdious, mind—I must cut your head off, but I shall do it decently—do the same."

And again, the well-directed blows would threaten, now the head, now the arms; and already a light crimson streak tainted the buck-skin glove which covered Perdious' hand, showing that one of those nimble and shrewd strokes, known as the "wrist slash," had been partially successful, the object of which is to disable the sword's arm.

But yet, in his calm and calculating advance on Perdious, his own seconds felt convinced that he was still bent on driving Perdious to the bank of the canal, and by a well-directed attack, force him to fall back and then incur the ridicule of a scusing in the presence of the large crowd on the ground.

The cunning and irritable nature of the Gascon could not well brook this alternative, and as he instinctively felt it forced upon him, his proud heart swelled with rage, his brow flushed with anger, and the nervous twitch of his compressed lips indicated a rising storm, the fury of which was still increased as the cool, taunting words fell on his ear: "Perdious, my dear friend—I am bound to cut your head off; or you must take a bath." Collecting for the last time all the resources of his skill, he made the attempt to swerve from the straight line leading him on to the canal by a desperate manœuvre, known as "vaulting," and which consists of making a flank movement forward to the left by pivoting on the right foot, or by a direct side step while "breaking to the rear," or retreating.

But the experienced eye of Hermann, now earnestly engaged in the game, defeated the attempt, and it was in vain that Perdious tried twice to deviate from that fatal straight line which was leading him on to the canal; for twice, by an opposite vault, Hermann brought him back to the fatal path.

The numerous spectators have now lost their uproarious dispositions; they instinctively feel that the game being played has reached the limits of the tragic, and that these men, on whose tilting they promised themselves so much fun, are now engaged in earnest in the terrible and stern game of life and death.

No one dares breathe a word, much less interfere, and the experienced seconds who mechanically follow the combatants, have lost the power to judge of the time when they could properly drop their swords between those of the antagonists.

And now, the foot of Perdious is already on the light elevation which swells the bank of the canal; a few feet, three or four, separates him from the greenish and stagnant water, and the taunting, sarcastic voice of Hermann is heard for the last, drawling out in its broken French, "Perdious, my good friend, you must now take a bath, or I shall cut your head off." His arm is raised in the air, his shining blade describes a rapid curve, leaving his whole breast uncovered, and that blade is about to strike Perdious or compel him to break off once more and fall into the canal, when the latter is seen to take a firm stand, then make a desperate lunge, his hand holding his sword in quarte, and, by a terrible straight thrust, bury itself in the breast of Hermann, whose arm falls powerless to his side, whilst his left, seizing Perdious' sword, still in his breast, he coolly remarks to his seconds and those who have rushed up to him—

"I knew the scoundrel would play me foul: but, anyhow, he has forfeited the bet; give me the 'stakes.'"

Then, letting go the sword which, in his terror, Perdious has abandoned in the wound, Hermann falls to the ground—a corpse!

* * * * *

A few weeks have elapsed, and the memory of this event has almost entirely faded away. A few only occasionally remember the martial bearing of Hermann, and his last call for the stakes, when already in the clutches of death.

Perdious has broken up his fencing room; he has only kept a few chosen pupils; barely enough to save him from starving. He is no longer seen at night around the little coffee-house he so long patronized. He no longer smokes, nor drinks, nor sings—the few faithful pupils who still insist on visiting him, simply amuse themselves in private assaults with each other.

In the little room where he sleeps, hangs over his bed a long sabre wrapped up in black cloth, the point of which is only visible, and that point is fast being eaten up by rust—or blood.

Perdious never speaks of his duel, but when driven to answer any question on any other subject, he says: "How can you believe what I say? I, a degraded man!"

But one day he opened his heart to one of his pupils—the oldest. "You see," he says, "I am a murderer, and you must not come here any more—neither you nor any gentleman. I am an assassin; I broke my word, because I was too cowardly to die or too vain to run—leave me to my fate. I have sought refuge in God; I have prayed; I have confessed my crime and sought absolution, but that absolution has been denied me on earth; I must seek it in heaven. Come no more till Monday morning next, and then you will know all."

With these words he shut himself up in his little room: it was on Friday. On the Sunday following, his friends were surprised to see him come out, in his poor, but best clothes, scrupulously clean, like those of an old soldier. He spoke to none, recognized none, but wended his way to the church and devoutly attended the holy service of mass. Then, still ignoring all those who sought him, he returned to his quarters.

On Monday morning, the gentleman whom he had asked to come and see him on that day, in sad prevision of what was to happen, took with him a few friends, and went up to the attic where Perdious lodged.

They knocked, but no one answered; they raised the latch and entered the room, and there, before the hearth of the fireplace, stretched on his face in a pool of coagulated blood, lay the body of Perdious. The sword which had killed his friend was almost twisted in his body, as if he had thrown himself on the point, and, rolling over in his agony, buried it in his heart as deep as it had been buried in the heart of Hermann.

Casting Out Devils in India.

The Comatic Telegraph gives an account of a recent case of exorcism:—

Casting out devils in India is extensively practised by the natives. We were present a few weeks ago at an exercise of exorcism. The possessed was a young woman of about sixteen, hale and hearty in appearance, and withal, very good looking, as is the expression applied to native women. She was much excited as she accompanied or rather preceded her exorcist, and broke out occasionally into singing and dancing, with an energy and manner which showed that she had no self-control. The party which went with her stopped at a tree on the way, when the exorcist desired her to halt. His command instantly brought her prostrate before him, and she rolled on the ground in violent contortions. But her father objected to fixing the demon to that tree, and accordingly the exorcist addressed his patient in a tone of sternness to rise and go on further. She did so, and with a running dance to the sound of the tom-tom and the Pujari's banddrum, she rushed along, seemingly unconscious of all around her.

They halted then under a Palmyra tree, in a desert place, near the foot of a hillock, where the poor girl was desired to balance herself gracefully to the music of the priest's banddrum, and approach the tree. She did so, and then embraced it with a tremor, the effect of compulsion rather than free will. The exorcist went through a few strophes of incantatory singing, then taking a few locks of her hair and knotting them together, he fastened the bunch to the tree by a nail, and then holding a live cock in one hand over her head, with the other he cut its throat and shed its blood freely over the stooping, trembling girl. He then cut off her hair, and thus freed her from her fastening to the tree. The blood-stained bunch of hair thus left behind, it is said, detains the devil also, and that he, or a legion thus exorcised, will haunt the tree till he or they shall choose to take possession of some other unfortunate. The girl seemed now weak and exhausted, and could hardly walk forward with a steady pace.

She was held by one of the male assistants of the priest, and conducted to a tank, where she was bathed, in her clothes, and came out of her own accord, hardly yet in her right mind. But the scene was not over. The Pujari broke a cocoanut, and after placing it over the smoke of incense for a little while, he lifted the smoking censer to her with the usual incantatory music and singing. She again gradually lost her consciousness, and swayed to and fro with wild, dishevelled looks. The exorcist demanded of her to tell him her demoniacal name. She sharply turned upon him, and with a scream uttered her name. He then inquired how many devils had possessed her, to which she replied, "Five." "Have they all taken their departure?" he asked. "Yes," was the reply; and immediately she ran along, dancing frantically, while the party ran after her to her house, where, after other devilish ceremonies, she recovered consciousness, and the following day was married.

☞ Fresh Air.—Give your children plenty of fresh air. Let them snuff it up until it sends the rosy current of life dancing joyfully to their temples. Air is so cheap and good, and so necessary withal, that every child should have free access to it. To put children on a short allowance of fresh air is as foolish as it would have been for Noah, during the deluge, to have put his family on a short allowance of water.

☞ An International Contest for Beauty is proposed at the coming Paris Exhibition. Several French, English and other European ladies have expressed their willingness to compete for the prizes, provided that no American ladies put in their claims.

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHITE GRANGE.

The lone farmhouse known as White Grange, was buried from the world among the bleak, desolate hills and solitary sheep-walks which stretch from the sea on one side, across the north-eastern corner of Monkshire, almost to the edge of the lovely valley in which Normanford lies warm and sheltered; beyond which, the country becomes more fruitful and open, if less picturesque. White Grange was a gray, old, storm-beaten building, and bore the date of 1695 carved above its rude porch. Near it stood a barn, and a few other out-buildings, the whole surrounded by a ruinous, moss-grown wall; beyond which you came at once upon the bleak, high moorland, open to every wind that blew. In one of these out-houses was the well from which in former times the family supply of water had been drawn. Connected with this well there was a dark story of a murdered traveller whose body had been thrown into it; which, whether true or false, gave the place an uncanny reputation through the country-side.

White Grange seems to have been unfortunate in its tenants for a long series of years. Such a story as that of the murdered traveller would hardly attach itself to any reputable household; and old Job Sandyson, as we have seen, was by no means the most respectable of men. The farm was now held by a brother-in-law of Job, a man named Nathan Orchard, to whom the family reputation clung tenaciously, and not, perhaps, without reason. He was a hard-drinking, hard-swearing, money-grasping old reprobate, this Nathan Orchard; disliked and feared at every market and country fair which he attended; and although no overt act of dishonesty could fairly be laid to his charge, there were whispered rumors in plenty, among those of his own station in life, of acts that any honest Monkshire farmer would have blushed to own: of sorry, spavined hacks doctored up and sold at distant fairs as sound young horses; of mildewed wheat, with a covering of wholesome grain, sold under a fictitious name and address; of a forged Bank of England note for fifty pounds traced home to him, which he swore to having received from some unknown man in part payment of an account; together with other trifles needless to specify here. Nathan's household consisted of himself and four children—two sons and two daughters, all grown up; together with an old crone, who acted the part of domestic drudge. A rough, ignorant, hard-living crew they were, the sons following closely in the footsteps of their father, and the two girls being duplicates in softer clay of their brothers.

In a room on the upper floor of White Grange, two women were seated one wintry afternoon. It was a room with a wide, old-fashioned fireplace, and a stout oaken door, and a thick beam across the ceiling—a beam with a strong hook in it, from which depended a fragment of rope, darkly suggestive of a foregone suicide—a room with two diamond-paned windows, across each of which, on the inside, ran two stout iron bars, and in this respect different from any other windows in the house. Why the windows of this room should be barred, rather than those of any other room, was one of the mysteries of White Grange, which Nathan Orchard himself would have been quite unable to explain.

The younger of the two females, a stout, ruddy-cheeked lass, was seated at one of those old-fashioned spinning-wheels which are becoming rarer every day, and crooning some country ditty to herself as she worked. She was Nathan Orchard's youngest daughter. The elder of the two females is known to the reader already, she being, indeed, none other than Madame Marie, Jane Garrod's sometime lodger at Kingsthorpe Station, and the woman of whose murder Mr. Duplessis had been wrongfully suspected. But she was much changed since we saw her last. In the first place, there seemed nothing left of her but skin and bone, so thin and fleshless had she become. Her long, black hair had all been cut off during the fit of raving madness which supervened upon her abduction and forcible confinement at White Grange; and although it had grown somewhat since that time, it was still as short as that of a man. Her dress, too, was rather out of the common way, consisting outwardly, as it did, of a red flannel dressing-robe, which, although it reached to the ground when she walked, did not hide, as she sat there, her bare feet, thrust loosely into a pair of old slippers. It was her whim to be dressed thus, and neither persuasion nor threats could induce her to alter the style of her costume. Just now, she was painfully and laboriously busy with her needle, stitching a doll's clothes: that was her occupation day after day, the dressing of dolls, and instructions were given that her whim in this respect should be gratified. A quiet, harmless form of madness that expends itself on such trifles, is infinitely preferable to the vagaries of a raging lunatic. So she dressed and undressed her dolls, of which she had about a dozen in all; and talked to them, and scolded them, and caressed them, as any child of six might have done. She had a sweet voice; and sometimes, in the twilight, she would sing little French love-songs to her dolls, trifles which had in them a pathos all their own, such even as touched sometimes—although she did not understand the words—the unsusceptible heart of Peg Orchard, her youthful jailer. Sometimes she would fall into a fit of sullen brooding, which would last for a couple of days, during which time she neither ate nor spoke, but would pass hour after hour crouched on the old-fashioned window-seat, staring out through the barred panes with such a hopeless, far-away look in her eyes as might have moved any one to pity. What she thought about at such times, no one ever knew. Perhaps, in her disordered mind, pictures of happy days long past, mirrored themselves brokenly, as in a troubled pool; perhaps she was brooding darkly over her wrongs, and striving to piece together some wild scheme of revenge. These sullen moods always ended in an outburst of hysterical sobs and tears, which did not cease till her little strength was utterly exhausted, when she would lapse into a deep, deathlike sleep as she lay on the floor, a sleep which would last for twelve or fourteen hours; after which she would awake as light and happy as a child, and call for food and brandy, and begin to dress her dolls again, and to sing her little love-songs, as though she had not a care in the world.

Peg and Madame had not been together all this time without learning to like one another, each in her own peculiar way. Peg, while being the most faithful and incorruptible of jailers,

still contrived to secure for her charge many little indulgences, chiefly in the way of food; for Madame had always been nice in her eating, and the fare at White Grange was ordinarily of the coarsest kind. Madame was not ungrateful; and in her calmer and saner moments, would do her best to reciprocate the girl's kindness. Thus she taught Peg to improve her appearance by compressing her waist, and keeping her shoulder-blades in their proper place, thereby necessitating an upright carriage of the person; and as Madame prided herself on her taste, and was dexterous with her needle, she so altered and improved Peg's Sunday frock—lengthening the body, and puffing the sleeves, and imparting to it such a graceful fall behind—that that young person felt she had never cut such a fashionable figure before. Then she taught Peg how to dress her hair in a more elegant style, and gave her the recipe for a wash that was warranted to beautify the complexion, however tanned or freckled it might be. Peg's heart was finally won when Madame presented her with the rings out of her own ears; only Peg was afraid to wear them, lest her greedy old father should force her to give them up, that he might pawn or sell them.

Sometimes, in mild, open weather, there would come over Madame a desire to exchange her close shut-up room for the fresh air outside. At such times, she would induce Peg to ask permission from the old man for them to walk in the orchard for half an hour. Sometimes the permission was given, sometimes it was not. When the answer was favorable, Madame would wrap a thick shawl round her, and taking Peg's arm, would pace till she was tired the gravelled walk which ran from end to end of the neglected strip of ground which, by some strange perversion of terms, was known as "the orchard." Mad though Madame might be on some points, she was never mad enough to attempt to escape while taking her out door exercise. In a personal encounter, she would have stood no chance against the stalwart Peg; and the fleet-footed farmer's daughter would have run her down before she had got twenty yards away.

It was while taking one of these quiet walks in charge of Peg that Madame's sharp eyes caught sight of something unusual lying half-concealed among the thick grass. She repassed it again and again before she could make out clearly that it was nothing more than a rusty old knife, and then she could have screamed aloud with all a maniac's fearful joy at sight of such a priceless treasure. But how to secure it without being seen? Disengaging her arm suddenly from Peg's, she seated herself on the grass close to the knife, so that a fold of her shawl hid it from view. After that, it was easy to push it unobserved up her sleeve. When she got back to her own room, and the key was turned on her for the night, she brought forth her treasure, and kissed it, and stuffed her handkerchief into her mouth to smother the wild bursts of laughter that would not be kept back when she thought how cleverly she had deceived them all, and what pretty things it was possible to accomplish even with such an ugly weapon as a rusty knife. There was a little bit broken away from the under-part of one of the window-seats, leaving a small cavity between the woodwork and the bricks; and there, after much painful cogitation, she hid her treasure.

Madame was in one of her better moods this wintry afternoon, but hardly as talkative as usual; and as the shadows outside grew deeper, Peg, too, became mute, and the silence was broken only by the whir of the spinning-wheel, or the weird muttering of the wind in the wide old chimney. At length Maria flung down her sewing with a petulant air. "There! I can see no longer," she exclaimed. "So, Elise, poor darling, will have to go without her petticoat to-night, for I can't bear stitching by candle-light. Do, my dear child, go down stairs, and bring me up a cup of tea and a candle." She listened intently without stirring till Peg's footsteps had died away down stairs; then she rose, and crossing the floor with quick, noiseless steps, drew the knife from its hiding-place. "A few more nights, and I shall be free," she muttered to herself. "The bar is nearly through, and soon the cage will be empty and the bird flown. Another windy night," she added, peering with white face and straining eyes into the gathering gloom outside. "The wind is Marie's friend. I like the sound of his rough voice; I like to hear him rattling the doors and windows, and shaking the crazy old house in his burly arms. He comes across the waste at midnight to summon me to my task. Then, when everybody in the house is fast asleep, and they think I am asleep too, I slip, quietly out of bed, and begin my work; and oh! what weary work it is, sawing away, all in the dark, at the rotten old bar with my trusty friend here. But when the first streak of gray shows across the moorland, then I put my knife away, and creep back to bed with such aching bones, and such feet of ice; and when Peg comes in with my cup of tea, looking so fresh and innocent, I hide my head under the clothes, and laugh to myself to think what a simpleton she is, and how I am deceiving them all. And *he* is here! I know it. Sometimes I hear his voice. Black-hearted monster! I will be revenged—revenged—revenged on you before I go! But when I try to think how this must be, my head begins to ache, and motes, like drops of blood, dance before my eyes. But it will all come to me suddenly, like a flash of lightning, at the right moment. Yes, a few more nights, and the cage will be broken, and the bird flown. Oh, what fun it all is!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE READING OF THE WILL.

A wintry night, starless and lowering, with a bleak wind moaning drearily through the woods of Belair like a voice of sorrowful warning. Eight o'clock is striking by the turret-clock as the great doors of the Hall are flung wide open to let out for the last time him who had so long been master of that stately home. His pleasant voice and genial laugh, never more to be heard within its rooms; never more his tall, slender form and white head to be seen by tenant or farm-laborer in field or coppice, or at friendly rent-day feast. All that is left on earth of Sir Philip Spencelaugh is about to cross the threshold of his home for the last time; and to-morrow a new master will reign at Belair.

One by one, from a side-door, dark-cloaked figures to the number of thirty or forty come quietly out, each of them carrying a lighted torch; and range themselves in front of the main entrance. Presently the coffin makes its appearance, borne on the shoulders of men who have worked on the estate all their lives—men who have loved and respected him they are carrying, as their greatest earthly benefactor. Slowly and tenderly, down the wide, shallow steps, they bear their solemn burden, over which a great pall is thrown. Close behind, in solitary state, comes the son and heir, a tall, slender young man, with a worn, effeminate face; genuinely sorry for the loss of the kind-hearted old man he is following; half angry with himself because his eyes *will* remain so obstinately dry; with yet a lurking feeling of satisfaction in one corner of his heart, which will not be quite trampled out, that he is now really and veritably Sir Gaston Spencelaugh—that he may now clear off those confounded post-obits, and be his own master, with plenty of ready money for the future.

So down the main avenue of the Park the long procession slowly moved, lighted up by the lurid blaze of the torches, which showed from a distance like gigantic fire-flies among the trees. Behind Sir Gaston, at a respectful distance, came a numerous array of the personal friends of the dead man: magnates of the county; friends of the cover-side and the stubble-field; men who not seldom had sat at his table; men at whose houses he had visited, and to whose wives and daughters he had been well known. Behind these, again, came a long string of humbler friends—small farmers and laborers on the estate, whose grief for the loss of the man they were following was probably quite as genuine as that of more aristocratic friends.

Little groups of country-people, women and children mostly, whose husbands and brothers took part in the procession, were scattered about the Park close to the line of march; and many a tear was shed, and many a blessing invoked to the memory of the benefactor they would never see again. With such accompaniments was Sir Philip Spencelaugh borne to his grave.

Never had the little church of Belair been more densely crowded than it was on the night of the baronet's funeral. The first to enter it, and the last to leave it, were two women, who sat in an obscure corner of the gallery, and the hoods of whose black cloaks completely hid their faces from observation. When the solemn service was at an end—when the body had been lowered into its resting-place in the vault underneath the chancel—when the vicar's last Amen had been said, and the last notes of the choir had died away into silence, these two hooded women were the last of all there to lean over the dark cavity in the floor, and bid farewell in tearful silence to him who slept so soundly below. Then homeward through the already deserted Park by near ways well known to themselves.

These were Frederica Spencelaugh and Jane Garrod.

Frederica had passed only one night at Belair after her return from town. Now that its master was dead, she felt that not without derogation to herself could she stay there any longer. As the antagonist of Lady Spencelaugh in the course which she, Frederica, was fully determined to pursue, she felt that for the future her home must be elsewhere; so she went to her friend, Mrs. Barber of Ashleigh Park, and there took asylum for a week or two. She had telegraphed for Mr. Penning on the day following her uncle's death; and that gentleman, acting on her instructions, had intimated to Mr. Greenhough, the family lawyer, that he would be prepared, on the reading of the will, to offer certain evidence which would go far to prove that Gaston Spencelaugh was not the rightful heir to the entail and title of his father.

The reading of the will was fixed to take place in the great drawing-room of Belair at ten o'clock on the morning after the funeral. Mr. Greenhough, instructed by Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch as to the nature of the evidence which was likely to be put in by Mr. Penning in opposition to the natural and lawful claim of Sir Gaston, pooh-poohed the whole affair cheerfully; and hinted delicately how sorry he was to find that a lady for whom he entertained so profound a respect as he did for Miss Spencelaugh, should have lent herself so credulously to the schemes of an impostor. Under the influence of this mild tonic, and the exordiums of her staunch friend Mrs. Winch, her Ladyship's drooping courage revived in some measure; and it was with tolerable composure both of mind and body that she took her seat, on the eventful morning, in the great chair of carved oak, which had been brought from the library on purpose, and so sat, with Gaston on her right hand, to hear the reading of her husband's will. Her mourning became her admirably. The style of her corsage, and the cut of her sleeves, had been a source of some anxiety to her; but little Miss Penny, assisted by a hint now and then from Clotilde, had overcome all difficulties admirably; and nothing could have been more becoming, and at the same time more pensively stylish, than her Ladyship's toilet on this her first appearance in public in her new *rôle* of widow.

At the opposite end of the long table sat Frederica, looking very pale, but very lovely. The executors named under the will were Sir Michael Casey, a middle-aged Irish baronet, who resided a few miles from Belair; and Dr. Allen, the vicar of Normanford, and one of Sir Philip's oldest friends. Both these gentlemen followed Lady Spencelaugh into the room, and sat down opposite Mr. Greenhough the lawyer. There, too, were assembled Mrs. Jones the housekeeper, and Mr. Bellamy the steward, and a few of the older domestics, whose grief for the loss of their master was probably tempered by some natural anticipations of a legacy. Discreetly in the background sat Dr. Roach, the great medical luminary of the district, blandly unconscious, to all outward appearance, that his name was mentioned in the will of his late esteemed patient, although his friend Mr. Greenhough had whispered that pleasing fact in his ear as they drove home from the funeral together on the preceding night.

A very brief abstract of the contents of Sir Philip Spencelaugh's will, as read slowly and distinctly by Mr. Greenhough, is all that need be given here. The Belair and Hillgrove estates were both entailed, and beyond these, the amount of property left for division was not very considerable. The savings of the baronet's later years, consisting chiefly of securities in various public undertakings, amounting in the aggregate to about fifteen thousand pounds, together with a small banker's balance, were all left to Gaston, burdened only with a few legacies to certain old servants, and the cost of a few mementoes to the executors and other friends. To Lady Spencelaugh was left, for her own absolute disposal, the small Norfolk estate of Dene Towers, of the value of five hundred pounds per annum; with the further addition of a life-charge on the general estates of four hundred a year more. Frederica's name was mentioned last of all. We give the extract relating to her in its entirety:

"To my well-beloved kinswoman, Frederica Mary Spencelaugh" (so ran the will), "I give and bequeath the necklace and coronet of diamonds formerly the property of my mother; together with the miniatures, painted on ivory, of her father, my dear cousin and companion-in-arms, and myself, which will be found in the top left-hand drawer of my private bureau. These (knowing her to be in no need of worldly goods,) together with an old man's love and blessing, are all that I have to bequeath to the aforesaid Frederica Mary Spencelaugh; but they will be enough for her to remember me by."

Mr. Greenhough took off his spectacles, and proceeded slowly to fold up the will. Mr. Jones took the hint, and rising, dropped a stately courtesy to my Lady, and sailed out of the room, followed by the other domestics. An uneasy brooding sense, as of a moral thunder-cloud about to burst close over their heads, rested upon the majority of those now left in the room—for it had been whispered about that something strange would follow upon the reading of the will. Mr. Greenhough proceeded in the midst of profound silence to rub his spectacles deliberately with his pocket-handkerchief, then to adjust them carefully on his nose, and then to select a letter from a bundle of other documents all labelled and tied together with red tape.

"Your Ladyship and gentlemen," began Mr. Greenhough, "I have here a communication of a very singular character, received by me five days ago, and signed by a gentleman of the name of Penning, who is, I believe, like myself, a lawyer, and who, in this matter, is acting under instructions from Miss Spencelaugh. Before laying this document before you, Miss Spencelaugh will perhaps allow me to ask her one question?"

A slight motion of Frederica's head gave Mr. Greenhough the required permission.

"Is it your deliberate intention, Miss Spencelaugh, may I ask, to persevere in this matter? There is yet time to draw back. These blazing embers would destroy this letter in a few seconds. No eye but my own has seen it, and I would forget that it had ever been written."

"It *is* my deliberate intention to proceed with this matter," said Frederica in a low, clear voice.

"Then I have no alternative but to read the letter," said Mr. Greenhough.

"Before you begin, I should like Mr. Penning to be present," said Frederica.

Then when Mr. Penning, who had been waiting in an ante-room, was seated, and had been duly scrutinized by the assembled company, Mr. Greenhough proceeded to read the letter, which, as before stated, was simply an intimation that Miss Spencelaugh was prepared with certain evidence to dispute the right of Gaston to the title and estates of his father.

The Irish baronet took snuff nervously; family disagreements were his especial abhorrence. The vicar looked very grave; he could scarcely believe the evidence of his own ears. It sounded to him like the assertion of a lunatic to state that Gaston Spencelaugh, who had grown up among them all from childhood, was not his father's heir. And that such an assertion should emanate from Frederica, of all people in the world! But that he had known her intimately for years, and had long recognised her as by far the cleverest and most able of the female coadjutors whom he had enlisted under his banner, he felt that he should really have had cause this morning to doubt her sanity. In such a case it was evidently his duty to remonstrate with her, and the vicar was a man who never shrank from a duty however unpleasant it might be. So he crossed the room, and leaned over her and spoke to her in a low voice. Frederica listened quietly to all he had to urge, but only shook her head when he had done, and laying her hand gently in his, said: "You are prejudging me. Wait till you shall have heard everything. Heaven knows, this task is not of my seeking. It has come to me unsought; and I should be doing foul wrong to the memory of the dead, and the rights of the living, were I to abandon it now." After this, the worthy vicar could only go back to his seat, wondering more and more.

Lady Spencelaugh was sitting near the fire, with her face so far turned away from the company that nothing of it was visible but the profile. Gaston, chafing inwardly, was seated near her. What was all this bother about, he should like to know? Dispute his title, indeed! Was he not Sir Gaston Spencelaugh, owner of Belair, and of all that fair landscape which could be seen through the windows stretching far into the dim distance? He had half a mind to ring the bell, and order Green to show these old fogies the door. It was high time they remembered who was master now. He was touched a little to think that Freddy, whom he had always liked and loved in his own careless fashion, should be turning against him at such a time with some trumped-up story of another heir; but he felt so secure in his new position that he could afford to let her have her fling, and then be magnanimous, and forgive her.

"The evidence of which you speak in this letter," said Mr. Greenhough to Mr. Penning, "will be, I presume, forthcoming without difficulty?"

"We are prepared to go into the question at once," said Mr. Penning.

"Before entering into particulars," returned Mr. Greenhough, "you will perhaps furnish us with the name of the individual in whose favor these extraordinary proceedings are taken."

"Willingly. The gentleman to whom you allude is known at present as Mr. John English."

"I should like to ask this Mr. John English a few questions. Oblige me by producing him."

"We are unable to do so just now," answered Mr. Penning, not without hesitation.

"Do you, in fact, know where this Mr. John English is living at the present time?" asked Mr. Greenhough.

"We certainly do not," answered the London man of law.

"Precisely so," said Mr. Greenhough, rubbing his hands with an air of satisfaction.—"Gentlemen," he added, turning to the baronet and the vicar, "from information received, as the detectives say, I am able to throw a little light upon the history of the individual in question. By occupation he is a wandering photographer, and in this capacity he seems to have knocked about the world for several years. Chance or design brought him at last to Normanford, and he had not been there many days before he obtained an introduction to Lady Spencelaugh, who, with her customary liberality and kindness of heart, at once gave him several commissions. The privilege of *entrée* to Belair which he thus obtained, he systematically abused by ferreting out, from the domestics and others, all the information they could give him respecting the private history of the family, supplementing the same by further insidious inquiries among the old people of the neighboring villages; till having, as he thinks, picked up sufficient information to serve his vile purpose, he deliberately sits down and writes out a statement in which he claims to be heir to the title and estates of Belair. The whole affair would be no more than a piece of wretched absurdity, unworthy the attention of any sane man, were it not for the annoyance which, at a period of deep domestic affliction, it has caused a most estimable lady. But, gentlemen, the comedy, if I may call it such, is not yet played out. This individual, in consequence of an accident, is obliged to take up his residence for a while at Pevsey Bay, from which place he sends his Statement to Miss Spencelaugh, and is so far successful that he induces a lady of whose good sense and discernment I had hitherto had the highest opinion, to espouse his cause. But, gentlemen, the climax is yet to come. The very day after that on which he sends his Statement to Miss Spencelaugh, this man, this impostor as I ought rather to call him, disappears, and has never been heard of since. But shall I tell you why he disappears? Because he is afraid of being arrested and taken to task for previous attempts of a similar kind. Yes, gentleman, the man himself has gone, and no one knows whither—has neither been seen nor heard of for eight weeks; and yet we are seriously called upon to-day to test the validity of his ridiculous pretensions! The whole affair is really too absurd for belief." And Mr. Greenhough leaned back in his chair, and glanced at Mr. Penning with an air that seemed to say: "I think, my friend, your case has not a leg to stand on;" at the same time refreshing himself copiously from the baronet's box.

"Then I suppose we may consider this little unpleasantness as at an end?" said the vicar with a genial smile.

"That's right; let's make everything pleasant," said the baronet encouragingly.

"I beg, gentlemen, that you will not put us out of court in such a summary manner," said Mr. Penning with a deprecatory smile. "What Mr. Greenhough has just urged sounds very plausible, I must admit; but pray, remember that as yet you have only heard one side of the question. We at once confess that the disappearance of Mr. English is a circumstance for which we are unable to account, and one which, at the first glance, may seem to prejudice our case. But putting this fact for the moment on one side, I beg to state seriously and earnestly, on the part of Miss Spencelaugh, that we are prepared with evidence which will go far to prove that many years ago, under this very roof, a heinous crime was perpetrated—by whom, we do not say—and a good man most foully deceived; and if right still be right, and wrong still be wrong, then does it most certainly rest with you two gentlemen, whom the dead master of this house appointed executors of his last will and testament, to do what he himself would have done, had he lived—to mete out, so far as in you lies, simple justice to the living and the dead."

"I really don't see," said Mr. Greenhough with emphasis, "that in the absence of the chief—what shall I call him?—conspirator, we can proceed any further in this business. Let this Mr. English come forward in proper person, and we shall then be prepared to hear what he may have to say for himself."

Mr. Penning shrugged his shoulders. "Do you really wish to force us into a court of law?" he said. "Miss Spencelaugh thought, and I quite concurred with her, that it was advisable, in the first instance at least, to sift this affair, which deeply concerns the honor of an ancient and reputable family, before some tribunal of private friends; and not make a public scandal of it, unless after-circumstances should render such a course imperatively necessary."

"You are right, sir," said the vicar with dignity. "In the position in which I and my colleague are placed by the will of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh, we cannot do otherwise than lend an attentive hearing to what you may have to say, and either nip this matter in the bud, if it be based on a lie; or if it have truth for its foundation, see that justice be done to all whom it may affect. Before entering, however, upon any of your proofs, I wish to know, and I daresay my curiosity is shared by others, whom this Mr. John English asserts himself to be."

There was a general stir and movement in the room as the vicar ceased speaking. Lady Spencelaugh's cheek paled perceptibly, but she shaded her face with a hand-screen, and gazed more intently into the fire. Gaston unfolded his arms, and lifted himself for a moment out of the state of moody irritation into which he had fallen. Vague fears of some impending disaster were beginning to coil themselves round his heart. What was the meaning of this dark conspiracy which was gathering so ominously about him at the outset of his new career? The Irish baronet paused, in the act of opening his snuff-box, to listen; and the vicar himself drew up closer to the table, and leaned forward with one hand to his ear.

Then Mr. Penning spoke. "Mr. John English," he said, "asserts himself to be the eldest son of the late Sir Philip Spencelaugh by his first marriage."

"But," said the vicar, recovering from his surprise, "the late baronet had only one son by his first marriage, Arthur by name, who died in infancy, and lies buried in the family vault."

"Mr. English asserts that *he* is the child in question," said Mr. Penning; "and if this be true, he is now Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, and the owner of Belair."

"Produce your proofs," said the vicar.

"Things are not looking so pleasant as they might do," thought the baronet. "I wish I was well out of this." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ An application was recently made to the Land Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, by a gentleman from the interior of the state, for a half an acre of ground for school purposes. The terms were promptly given, and were accepted in the following form: "We the directors of this district are willing to except your offer for said peice of land for schoolhouse site." This was construed a sufficient guarantee that a schoolhouse was needed in that vicinity.

☞ One of the peculiarities of a billiard match is to see how noisily all the worst and the easiest shots are applauded, and how the most difficult and scientific shots are passed by in silence.

☞ An Ohio paper says that a young woman living in the township of Springfield heard that a young man in the place was not likely to vote without some urging, and was halting between two opinions as to which way he would vote, if at all. She took her father's buggy on the day of election, went to the house of the absentee, brought him to the polls, "voted him," and then took him home again.

The Spencer Repeating Rifle.

Some time ago we gave in THE POST a cut and description of the celebrated Prussian Needle Gun. We give in the present number of THE POST an engraving of a still more reliable and wonderful arm, the Spencer Repeating Rifle—patented in this country in 1860—and thoroughly tested in the late civil war.

The Rifle is a Breech-loader and a Repeater also. Seven cartridges are securely deposited in a magazine located in the butt of the gun. These cartridges are thrown forward to the chamber, as needed, with the most unerring precision, and with a rapidity for successive firing, which leaves nothing on that score to be desired. An ordinarily skilled marksman can discharge the seven loads in twelve seconds, and whole platoons of soldiers, waiting for the word of command, can fire with good aim at the rate of once every three seconds. When the seven charges are fired, seven more can be inserted in less than one-half the time required to *ram* and *cap* the single cartridge of a muzzle-loading musket. More rapid firing than this, even if attainable, would be wholly undesirable.

The great *desideratum* in a Repeating Rifle has been to locate the magazine so that the *reserve* cartridges should be absolutely protected against all danger of explosion. This end has been accomplished in the Spencer Rifle in the most complete manner, as even a superficial inspection of the arm will demonstrate. The magazine has a double sheathing of metal, strongly incased in wood, and thus presents an formidable an obstacle against external force as does the barrel itself. Indeed, it is averred, without fear of disproof, that the cartridges in the magazine of the Spencer Rifle, are, if possible, less liable to premature explosion from any conceivable cause than is the single cartridge of the ordinary kind in the chamber of a muzzle-loading gun.

This absolute safety results in part from the character of the cartridge used in the Spencer Rifle. It is copper-cased, and contains in the most compact form the powder and ball, with the addition of the priming fulminate in the periphery of the base. This kind of cartridge is not injured in the least by exposure to the air, or even by submersion in water, as the powder and the fulminate are both hermetrically sealed. For safety and certainty, no other cartridge compares with this. It is impossible to explode it except by a concussion made with the hammer, and when that concussion is made, no other cartridge explodes with such unfailing regularity. The cartridges made for the United States Springfield musket, and fired by percussion caps, have, on a series of trial six failures out of every hundred,—and this is a better average than is generally attained in the military service. With the copper-cased cartridges employed in the Spencer Rifle, the failures are altogether inappreciable—occurring not more than once in five hundred times, if indeed so frequently.

One objection often and very justly urged against many breech-loaders, is the liability to an explosion before the breech is completely closed, in which event there is great danger of injury to the person handling the gun. By an ingenious, and yet very simple arrangement, such an accident is rendered literally impossible in the Spencer Rifle—for the plain reason that the hammer cannot be made to strike on the fulminate, nor on anything impinging thereon, until the parts are completely locked.

In *range* and *force* the Spencer Rifle is second to no other arm. It will throw a ball *two thousand yards*, and may be relied upon for general accuracy at a greater distance than any other arm yet invented. In the hands of scouts or sharp-shooters, or regular troops—taking into consideration all the elements of range, rapidity of firing, and facility of re-loading, the Spencer Rifle is so effective as to render one man with it fully equal to half a dozen men armed with single loading muskets. In *force* it is quite as remarkable as in *range*. At the distance of one hundred and fifty feet it will propel a ball through thirteen inches of timber, and this force is not palpably diminished in intensity until the range is very considerably prolonged. The range and force herein described, are attained with a charge of powder but little more than one-half the quantity used in the regulation cartridge of the United States service, to propel a ball of the same size. This great gain results from the perfection of mechanism, which prevents the slightest escape of gas, and thus concentrates and economizes the entire force of the powder. So completely is the escape of gas checked, that a white handkerchief placed round the joint, when firing any number of times, is found not to be discolored, and not even to have the odor of powder.

The Rifle has been submitted to the judgment of some of the most eminent Ordnance officers of the Army and Navy of the United States, and has uniformly elicited the warmest encomiums.

Capt. J. A. Dahlgren, of the United States Navy, (now Admiral,) the inventor of the famous cannon which bears his name, had the arm very thoroughly tested at the Washington Navy Yard, in June, 1861, and as the result of his experiments and his report thereon, the Department ordered a considerable number of the Rifles for the Naval Service. In Capt. Dahlgren's minute account of his experiments with the Rifle, he says:—

"The mechanism is compact and strong. The piece was fired five hundred times in succession—partly divided between two mornings. There was but one failure to fire—supposed to be due to the absence of fulminate. *In every other instance the operation was complete.* The mechanism was not cleaned, and yet worked throughout as at first. Not the least foulness on the outside, and *very little within.* The least time of firing seven rounds was ten seconds."

Col. John T. Wilder, commanding the celebrated Brigade of Mounted Infantry of the Army of the Cumberland, well known for their gallant and constant service, wrote the following letter, in 1863, in regard to the Rifle:—

"Dear Sir:—Your favor, requesting my opinion concerning your Repeating Rifle came to hand, and in reply I am happy to state, as the result of about eight months' constant practice with them, *that I believe them to be the best arm for army use that I have ever seen. My Brigade of Mounted Infantry have repeatedly routed and driven largely superior forces of rebels, in some instances five or six times our number and this result is mainly due to our being armed with the Spencer Repeating Rifle. Since using this gun we have never been driven a single rod by any kind of force or number of the enemy*

"My experience is that no *less of men*, who come within *fifty yards of another force armed with the Spencer Repeating Rifles, can either get away alive, or reach them with a charge*, as in

either case they are *certain to be destroyed by the terrible fire poured into* their ranks by cool men thus armed.

"My men feel as if it is *impossible to be whipped*, and the *confidence inspired by these arms*, added to *their terribly destructive capacity*, fully *quadruples the effectiveness* of my command.

"If the government would expend the large sums now used to induce men to enlist, in arming the men now in the field with this kind of weapon, the rebellion would be, in my opinion, speedily crushed, by the only means that it can be destroyed by, viz., for *it is not in human nature to withstand the dreadful effects of a well directed fire from men thus armed.* The gun has been put to the severest tests this past summer, and fully sustains all the claims made for it.

"I believe that the ammunition used is the cheapest kind for the service, as it does not wear out in the cartridge boxes and has the quality of being water-proof—the men of my command carry 100 pounds of ammunition in their saddle bags, and in two instances went into a fight immediately after swimming their horses across streams twelve feet deep, and it is very rare that a single cartridge fails to fire.

"As a sample of their value the contrast in numbers of prisoners lost and taken by my command is a good criterion—our captures since April last number over *twenty eight hundred officers and men*—our losses in prisoners for the same period number only *six men*."

Gen. Custer wrote in 1864:—

"Dear Sir:—Being in command of a Brigade of Cavalry which is armed throughout with the Spencer Carbine and Rifle, I take pleasure in testifying to their superiority over all other weapons. I am firmly of the opinion that fifteen hundred men armed with the Spencer Carbine are more than a match for twenty-five hundred armed with any other fire-arm—I know this to be true from actual experiment."

Gen. Grant wrote in 1864:—

"Dear Sir:—In reply to your letter of the 20th ult., requesting my opinion in regard to the merits of the Spencer Repeating arms, I have to say that it is the prevailing opinion amongst officers whose commands have been furnished with these weapons, that they are the best breech-loading arms now in the hands of troops, both as regards simplicity and rapidity in firing, and superiority of manufacture."

And the Lieutenant General writes again in 1866:—

"The war has nearly settled the question that the Repeating Arms are ultimately to take the place of all others, and, so far, I believe, none stands higher than the Spencer."

Further testimony from Sherman, Hancock, Howard, &c., in favor of these Rifles, goes to show the nearly universal praise awarded to this Arm for its wonderful efficiency and reliability.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 836 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-sow10t

R. R. R.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees, to perform. Its motto is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home: "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken inwardly according to directions*, PAIN, *from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CRAMPS, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKE, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. dec1-4t

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is the only certain cure for sores and ulcers arising from youth's indiscretion; such sufferers will do well to try this great cleanser; disease cannot live when it is used. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, New York

Rx THE PEOPLE have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. Dr. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures when anything can cure the diseases that require an alterative medicine. nov24-4t

"A VALUABLE MEDICINE.—Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—*N. Y. Independent.*

THE

GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND

Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicines generally. nov17-3m

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles, should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is infallible. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. je16-6m

FARMERS,

Provide yourselves with PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER at this season of the year, when Colic, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Diarrhea, &c., may disable your hands. Use it in every case of the kind, and my ears for it, if it does not effect a speedy cure. But be sure you trust to no other remedy but the old, long tried *Perry Davis' Pain Killer*, which has never to my knowledge failed. nov24-6t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th of Nov., by the Rev. Mr. Kent, Mr. WILLIAM ATKINSON, to Miss HELEN LOUISA GREEN, both of Rock Island.

On the 20th of Nov., by Morton McMichael, Mayor, T. VINCENT BOMBALL, of Cecil county, Md., to MARY, daughter of Marmaduke Moore, of Phila

On the 12th of Nov., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. WILLIAM H. GOODWELL to Miss VIRGINIA BAILEY, both of this city.

In Manayunk, on the 16th of Oct., by the Rev. A. Culver, Mr. JOSHUA BATTY, Jr., of Manayunk, to Miss MAGGIE W. CULVER, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

On the 13th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., Mr. SAMUEL F. BALL to Miss MARY E. PICKFORD, both of this city.

On the 11th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH HARLEY to Miss EMMA J. STONE, both of this city.

On the 15th of Oct., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. LEWIS SATTLER to Miss MARY C. EICHOFF, of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 19th of Nov., Mrs. MARY WARE, in her 48th year.

On the 19th of Nov., MARY ANN, relict of the late John Henderson, in her 43d year.

On the 19th of Nov., MARGARET C., wife of Wm. G. Gross, aged 30 years.

On the 18th of Nov., JOHN BRADLEY, in his 21st year.

On the 16th of Nov., Mrs. CATHARINE EMERICK, in her 72d year.

On the 17th of Nov., Mrs. VIOLETTA W. MILLER, in her 78th year.

On the 17th of Nov., Mr. HENRY GRAFF, Sr., in his 77th year.

On the 16th of Nov., GUSTAV A. KELLER, in his 24th year.

On the 16th of Nov., ELIZABETH BUTCHER, in her 79th year.

Two Hundred Beautiful Songs,

DUETS, TRIOS AND SACRED PIECES,

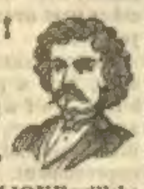
FOR 50 CENTS.

"MERRY CHIMES," designed for juvenile classes, public schools, seminaries and young folks at home. Prefixed to which are Elementary Instructions, Attractive Exercises, &c. By L. O. Emerson. Price 50 cts. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers,
277 Washington St., Boston.

Curls! Curls!

SAMPLES SENT FREE.



A sample of Prof. ROBB'S CURLIQUE will be sent free to any address. The CURLIQUE will curl the straightest hair on the first application (without injury) in soft, luxuriant, beautiful, flowing curls. Address, with Stamp, Prof. B. H. ROBB, oct27-3m Parkman, Ohio.

WANTED.—SCHOOL TEACHERS, AND others, to send us the names and address of twenty teachers of public schools, and five of academies; for which we will send by mail, free, a copy of a new work, entitled: "ONE HUNDRED CHOICE SELECTIONS;" containing the most popular patriotic effusions of the day, the rarest poetical gems, the finest specimens of oratory, and a fund of mirth and humor. This work is by a Professor of Elocution of this city, and will contain about two hundred 12mo pages. As we are desirous to put it into the hands of every teacher in the land, we make this very generous offer.

Address P. GARRETT & CO.,
nov24-3t 709 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

50c. A BIG PACKAGE. 50c.

JUST ISSUED, the art of Ventriloquism; how to win the affections of the opposite sex; the Hunter's Secrets; five arts for Catching Fish; how to make the great "*Turkish Onguent*" for making the whiskers grow; the Laughable Secret; Secret of "*Horse Taming*;" "Secret Ink" for "private Correspondence;" our "Perfumed Satchel" for scenting clothing, books, stationary, etc., and our *Splendid Engraving* (18x16, colored) entitled "Assaulting the Enemy's Breastworks." All of the above will be sent to any person by mail, *securely wrapped and postage paid for fifty cents*, or five *for two dollars*. All orders promptly filled and *satisfaction warranted*. Address, plainly, FRANK A. ELLS, Charlotte, Michigan.

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me., or Chicago, Ill. sep8-3m

You must save CLOTHING.
You want, FIRST, to get a GOOD article.
You then want it as CHEAP as POSSIBLE.
This is natural and right enough.
The question is WHERE to buy?
It is to your PERSONAL interest to consider the following facts:

There is organized in Philadelphia an immense establishment to make FIRST-CLASS CLOTHING, and to make it cheaper than CUSTOMARY. The materials are bought DIRECT from the best American and European manufacturers, and thus considerable is saved. Full prices are paid to workmen, so as to ensure substantial and handsome garments; the Salesmen and Clerks are such that customers can fully rely upon them, and every effort is made to please and suit patrons, so as to KEEP as well as make custom. The result of combined industry, system, and close application of all the employees, has secured a model establishment, a SUPERIOR style of Clothing, and VERY MODERATE prices.

This House is located at the CORNER of SIXTH STREET, and extends from MARKET to MINOR STREETS, and is now the most extensive concern of the kind in Philadelphia.

You are asked to patronize and encourage this enterprise.

We have,
1st—Gent's Ready-Made Clothing.
2d—Special Department For Youth's and Boy's Clothing.
3d—Custom Department To Make to Order.
4th—Gent's Furnishing Goods in Large Variety.

Yours, very respectfully,
WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. 6th & Market,
PHILADELPHIA.

☞ It will be well worth a visit, whether you want to buy or not.

☞ Samples sent by mail or express when desired.

oct13-3m

THE GREATEST BARGAINS In the City is Now Offered.

Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting Case Levers, only $28; Gents' Full Jewelled Levers, warranted, only $10; American Watches, less than factory prices. Goodwill, Fire-proof, &c., for sale. Come here if you want to save money.

H. MULLIGAN,
No 552 North Second St.

N. B.—Watchmakers, over 900 new Watches; large discount. nov24-4t

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—see *Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

MARCHING ON!

Constantly advancing in public favor, throughout the United States, the British Colonies and Spanish America, and needing no

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS

to proclaim its success, that standard article,

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

is now far ahead of any preparation of its class. People of Fashion, at length thoroughly understand the terrible consequences entailed by the use of metallic and caustic preparation, and admit the superiority of this famous vegetable Dye.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.

Sold by all Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. dec1-3teow

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 *times*, *mailed* for 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

628. HOOP SKIRTS 628.

Of "Our Own Make" are manufactured expressly to meet the wants of First Class and most Fashionable Trade, and embrace an assortment replete with every new and desirable style, size, and length of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Hoop Skirts, both plain and Gore Trails, which for symmetry of style, finish, lightness, elasticity, durability and cheapness, are much superior to any other Single or Double Spring Skirt in the American market. Every lady should try them, as we warrant satisfaction.

Wholesale and Retail at Manufactory and Salesroom, No. 628 ARCH St.

Catalogue corrected monthly of Sizes, Styles, and Prices at Retail sent to any address

nov24-1y WM. T. HOPKINS.

MENDENHALL'S

Improved Self-Acting

HAND LOOM

Possesses superior advantages over all other Hand Looms. And in these days of high-priced goods every family should have one.

HALF THE COST

of clothing a family can be saved by its use. It is simple and durable, easy understood and easy to operate. No skill is required to weave with it beyond the simple turning of an easy crank.

A boy or girl thirteen years old can operate it. From 15 to 35 yards can be woven with it in a day.

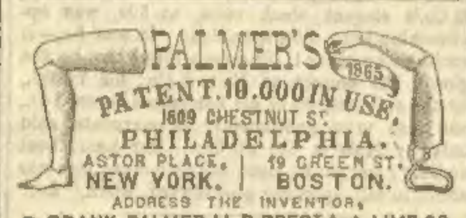
FARMERS,

Don't sell your "fine wools" and buy shoddy cloth, when with one of these Looms in your house you can make all your own goods, and much better quality, at half the price you pay for shoddy.

For circulars, price list and samples of cloth woven on the Loom, address with stamp,

A. B. GATES & CO.,
333 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Also, dealers in Reeds, Harness, Shuttles, Cotton Warps, Wool and Cotton Yarns, &c., &c. oc20-tf



These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent Scientific and Surgical Societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

The well-known LINCOLN ARM is also made *solely* by this Company. This Arm has the patronage of the U. S. GOVERNMENT.

To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oc963-1y

FIRST PREMIUM

IMPROVED

$5 SEWING MACHINE! $5

THE EMBODIMENT OF PRACTICAL UTILITY AND EXTREME SIMPLICITY

Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is NOISELESS in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and *works horizontal*, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS. Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each evolution of the Wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, BIND, TUCK, RUN UP BEREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have USED it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, makes the stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere. Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
oct 6-3m Office, 109 Nassau St., New York.

MONEY RETURNED

In full, if after a few day's use of "GODFREY'S CATARRH REMEDY" its effects are unsatisfactory. $5 a box—few require more. It is the prescription of one of the most eminent professors and surgeons in the United States, and is known to be scientific, safe, and successful remedy. Occasionally a case may have passed into the incurable stage—for man was born to die—but that none may be imposed on, we make the above offer, agreeable to the printed statement on each box. Sold by P. C. GODFREY only,
nov3-3m No. 3 Union Square, N. Y.

ERRORS OF YOUTH.—A gentleman who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence, JOHN B. OGDEN,
nov3-3m No. 42 Cedar St., New York.

$150 A MONTH! NEW BUSINESS FOR AGENTS. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8-3m

SPENCER REPEATING RIFLES.

"SEVEN SHOOTERS."

The Spencer Repeating Rifle Company, of Boston, are now prepared to fill orders for

Army and Navy Rifle, Barrel 30 in. Calibre, 50-100, with or without Bayonet.

Cavalry Carbine, Barrel 20 in. Calibre 50-100.

Sporting Rifle, Barrel 26, 28 or 30 in. Calibre, 44-100, very superior finish.

The Spencer Arms have been adopted by the United States Government for the Army, Navy, and Treasury Marine; by the State of Massachusetts, and by various Foreign Governments; and have received the highest commendations from officers and men of all grades, and in every service. The United States Army alone have received over 110,000 of them.

The Sporting Rifle stands equally well with Sportsmen.

These Rifles can be obtained of most of the principal dealers.

Pamphlets giving further information will be sent by mail on application.

Armory, Tremont, cor. Camden Street, Boston.

R. DOLLARD,
513 CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
PREMIER ARTISTE IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway. Those of the Chestnut and Walnut Street Railway run within one square of it.

ON SUNDAYS—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 35 minutes before the departure of each train.

MANN'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot. Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at	8.00 A.M.
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 10.00 A.M. &		11.20 P.M.
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS	at	12.00 M
PARKESBURG TRAIN	"	1.00 P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	2.30 "
LANCASTER ACCOM.	"	4.00 "
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL	"	9.00 "
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	11.00 "

Pittsburg and Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.

Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Williamsport without change of cars, and arrive at Lock Haven at 8.10 P.M.

Passengers by MAIL TRAIN go to Carlisle and Chambersburg without change of cars.

Sleeping Car Tickets can be had on application at the Ticket Office, 631 Chestnut Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	at	12.50 A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	"	7.10 "
PAOLI ACCOM., Nos. 1 & 2, 8.20 A.M. &		7.10 P.M.
PARKESBURG TRAIN	at	9.20 A.M.
LANCASTER TRAIN	"	12.40 P.M.
FAST LINE	"	1.30 "
DAY EXPRESS	"	5.50 "
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	"	9.50 "

Philadelphia Express arrives daily, except Monday.

Cincinnati Express arrives daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

Passengers leaving Lock Haven at 7.00 A.M., and Williamsport at 9.40 A.M., reach Philadelphia, without change of cars, from Williamsport, by Day Express, at 5.50 P.M.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Co. will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value. All Baggage exceeding that amount in value, will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract.

For further information, apply to
JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 631 Chestnut St.
SAMUEL H. WALLACE, Ticket Agent, at the Depot.

AN EMIGRANT TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK,
ap7-3m No. 137 Dock Street.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

LAME BACK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1859.

T. ALLCOCK & Co.—Gentlemen:—I lately suffered severely from a weakness in my back. Having heard your plasters much recommended for cases of this kind, I procured one, and the result was all I could desire. A single plaster cured me in a week.

Yours respectfully, J. G. BRIGGS,
Proprietor of the Brandreth House.

CURE OF CRICK IN THE BACK, AND LUMBAGO.

LYONS, N. Y., July 4, 1862.

MESSRS. ALLCOCK & Co.:—Please send me a dollar's worth of your plasters. They have cured me of a crick in my back, which has troubled me for some time, and now my father is going to try them for difficulty about his heart.

L. R. SHERWOOD.

Dr. Green, No. 563 Broadway, New York, informs us he sold, on Monday, June 23d, 1862, two plasters to a young woman suffering very severely from lumbago. On Thursday she called to get two more for a friend, and then stated how the two she had purchased on Monday had relieved her immediately after putting them on, and CURED HER IN TWO DAYS of a most distressing pain in her back and loins.

Sold by all Druggists. dec1-sow3t

WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free.

Address, REEVES & CO.,
sep1-3m No. 78 Nassau St., New York.

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is *guaranteed* in five weeks to all who use Russell's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 296, Watertown, N. Y. sep1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

Inside a Printing Office.

It is not alone compositors who will enjoy the following. It is a capital and very forcible illustration of a printing office dialogue:

Foreman of the office—"Jones, what are you at now?"

Compositor—"I'm setting 'A house on fire'—almost done!"

Foreman—"What is Smith about?"

Compositor—"He is engaged on a 'horrid murder.'"

Foreman—"Finish it as quickly as possible, and help Morse through with his telegraph. Bob, what are you trying to get up?"

Bob—"A panic in the money market."

Foreman—"Thomas, what are you distributing?"

Thomas—"Prizes in the gift lottery."

Foreman—"Stop that and take hold of 'A run-away horse.' Slocum, what in creation have you been about this last half hour?"

Slocum—"Justifying the 'Compromise Measure' my sub set up."

Foreman—"You chap on the stool there, what are you on now?"

Chap on the stool—"On the 'table' that you gave me."

Foreman—"Lay it on the table for the present; no room for it."

Compositor—"How about these 'Municipal Candidates?'"

Foreman—"Run 'em in. What do you say, Slocum?"

Slocum—"Shall I lead these 'Men of Boston?'"

Foreman—"No; they are solid, of course."

Compositor—"Do you want a full faced head to 'Jenny Lind's Family?'"

Foreman—"No; put 'em in small caps. Joseph, haven't you got up that 'Capital joke?'"

Joseph—"No, sir; I'm out of sorts."

Foreman—"Well, throw in this 'Million of California Gold,' and when you get through with it, I'll give you some more."

Editor—"What do you want now?"

Devildoe—"More copy, sir."

Editor—"Have you completed that 'Eloquent Thanksgiving Discourse?'"

Devildoe—"Yes, sir; and I have just set up 'A warm winter.'"

Laughable Scene.

A ridiculous scene took place at the French Opera House, New York, one Saturday, during, or rather just before, the Ristori matinee. The parquette was crowded by eager throngs of people, and many persons, unable to secure seats in the general scramble, were disconsolately standing in aisles. This being in violation of the insurance rules, the ushers attempted, in a gentlemanly but firm manner, to clear the aisles, and most of the coatless ones obeyed without remonstrance. But one, a resolute female, bade defiance to the ushers, and resisted entreaty, remonstrance and threats with the most stubborn pertinacity. She had paid for a seat, and she meant to have a seat, or if she couldn't have a seat she meant to stand wherever she liked best—so there! The compressed lips and flashing eyes gave emphasis to this declaration of war. Finding his efforts useless, and that the scene was attracting attention, the usher called an officer, whose appearance was the signal for a general rising of the audience in expectation of a rich scene. The following dialogue ensued:—

Officer—Madam, you must leave the aisle; it is against the rules for people to stand here.

Resolute Female—I shan't stir a step. I have paid two dollars to see Ristori, and I'm going to stay where I can get a good sight of her.

Officer (somewhat abashed)—I shall have to take you out, if you won't come without force.

Resolute Female (disdainfully).—*You* take me out! I'd like to see you or any three men take me out of this place. I'll scream, I'll sit down, I'll hold on to the seats, I'll—

What further threats the Resolute Female would have made will never be known, for at this stage of the proceedings the officer, perceiving that she was terribly in earnest, and doubtless thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, retreated, crest-fallen, amid derisive laughter from the audience. The Resolute Female maintained her position through the entire performance. The whole scene was very ridiculous, and hardly a suitable prelude to the tragedy of "Mary Stuart."

Definitions of Character.

Fine Fellow.—The man who advertises in your paper, the man who never refuses to lend you money, and the fellow who is courting your sister.

Gentle People.—The young lady who lets her mother do the ironing, for fear of spoiling her hands, the miss who wears thin-soled shoes on a rainy day, and the young gentleman who is ashamed to be seen walking with his father.

Industrious People.—The young lady who reads romances in bed, the friend who is always engaged when you call, and the correspondent who cannot find time to answer your letter.

Unpopular People.—The fat man in an omnibus, a tall man in a crowd, and a short man on a parade.

Timid People.—A lover about to pop the question, a man who does not like to be shot at, and a steamboat company with a cholera case on board.

Dignified Men.—A chit in a country town, a midshipman on a quarter-deck, and a school committee on examination day.

Persecuted People.—Woman, by that tyrant, man, boys by their parents and teachers, and all poor people by society at large.

Unhappy People.—Old bachelors and old maids.

Ambitious People.—The writer who pays the magazines for inserting his communications, the politician who quits his party because he cannot get into office, and the boy who expects to be President.

Humble Persons.—The husband who does his wife's churning, the wife who blacks her husband's boots, and the man who thinks you do him much honor.

Mean People.—The man who kicks people when they are down, and the subscriber who refuses to pay for his paper.

Sensible People.—You and I.

☞ A Milwaukie young lady had her "cap set" for a rather large "feller," but failed to win him, when a confident tried to comfort her with the words, "Never mind, Mollie, there is as good fish in the sea as ever was caught." "Mollie knows that," replied her little brother, "but she wants a whale."

A CAUTION TO UNOBSERVANT YOUNG MEN.
Look well before you take up your position against the rails!

New Style of Advertising.—The Aldgate Magazine is a new monthly published by a large clothing house of London. It is full of sensational, business novels, containing a complete catalogue of goods and prices, which are impressed upon the reader in this manner: "This man, so tall, so graceful, dressed in one of Mill & Co.'s elegant black suits, at 50s, was approaching her. She trembled! It was he,—it could be no other! She recognised him by the glossy hat bought of Mills & Co., for 7s. 6d., by the exquisite fit of his handsome boots, 14s., and that most gentlemanly of overcoats, sold only by Mills & Co. at 35s. Her heart beat audibly; her limbs bent beneath her; she was about to fall upon the greensward, when," &c.

Overdoing It.—We saw Jake nailing up a box the other day, containing some articles which he intended sending by express. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage. So we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the much abused "This side up!" etc., conspicuously upon the cover. A few days after we saw Jake. "Heard from your goods, Jake? Did they get there safely?" "Every one broke!" replied Jake, sullenly. "Lost the hull lot! hang the Express Company!" "Did you put on 'This side up,' as we told you?" "Yes, I did; and for fear they shouldn't see it on the river, I put it on the bottom, too—confound 'em!"

What He Wanted.—A Dutchman from the backwoods of Pike county, says the Milford Herald, whose wife, it seems, did not feel strictly inclined to fulfil her part of the marriage contract, entered one of the Milford law offices not long since, to take advice in regard to getting a divorce from his "worser" half; but being unable, with his limited knowledge of the English language, to explain his business, he made it plain by saying, "he wanted to get one of dese tings vot you no stay mit her any more."

I Only Remember She Kissed Me.

I only remember she kissed me—
  All else is like thoughts in a dream:
When this recollection steals o'er me,
  I always am lost in the theme.
I believe it was summer at Brookside,
  'Twas under a maple we sat,
And then, too, I guess it was moonlight,
  But she kissed me—I'm certain of that.

Her rosy cheeks full of arch dimples,
  Her sweet eyes of heavenly blue;
And I knew 'neath that close fitting boddice
  There beat a heart tender and true.
I offered her heart, hand and fortune,
  I felt my heart go pit-a-pat,
Till she shyly confessed that she loved me,
  And she kissed me—I'm certain of that.

Though a score of years since have departed,
  They have lent to her eyes the bright blue;
Her cheeks still retain their sweet roses,
  Her heart yet beats tender and true.
We are now on a visit to Brookside,
  Are sitting just where we then sat,
And again, as on that blissful evening,
  She has kissed me—I'm certain of that.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Bread.

We know how authoritatively it is declared that "man shall not live by bread alone," and we are not going to dissent in anything from the letter and spirit of the text; only we are going to put in an opinion that considering how large a proportion of our small people live by bread and butter alone pretty nearly, in view of the present extravagant price of flour, and the certainty of its being still higher several months ahead of us, unless we seek out an early and cheaper substitute, there is a moral certainty that a very great many people, both great and small, will suffer for the want of bread.

When butter goes up beyond the convenient reach of poor people, mothers, and a good many other people, turn to molasses as a substitute. When flour takes a flight in the same direction, people stare and starve, and never think of turning to anything as a substitute until compelled by hunger to do so.

Now corn is a capital and convenient substitute for wheat as an article of diet. Indeed all its merits taken into consideration it is pretty safe to say that corn ought to be the principal and wheat the substitute whenever one is required. In all the southern states, some form of corn has always been the popular bread diet among all classes. Why it has not been equally popular in the North can only be accounted for by the fact that we have not been educated to eat it. It is a great deal more a matter of prejudice than taste, and then we are wanting in the knowledge that enables the southern cook to present corn meal in so many inviting and palatable forms. Six out of every ten sable southern cooks will turn out a better sample of corn bread with only meal, salt, water, a bit of bacon fat, and a board, than three out of every thousand of our professional cooks are capable of doing with all their skill and as much expensive material as they can mix in with the meal.

We have heard many more than a thousand northern men and women extol the excellence of southern "hoe cake," but we have never yet seen a single receipt for corn bread-making written by a northern woman or man, in which the writer appeared to have an idea that there was any difference between a plantation hoe cake and a "down-east" johnny cake. That is the only formidable reason why we do not take to food material made of corn as kindly as our down south neighbors. We want the art of making up and cooking it as they do, and happening to achieve something rather clever, we are as likely to call our johnny cake a "pone," or a corn dodger a hoe cake, as anything else.

No other grain of our own or any other country is susceptible of being manufactured into so great a variety of wholesome, palatable and real good, man-making material as Indian corn. As an article of breadstuff, it has this advantage also over wheat flour. Cook corn meal how we will, it never, under any circumstances, loses a large per centum of its best life-sustaining principles, as wheat flour inevitably does when made into bread, cakes, or any other risen material by the fermentation process.

As the average price of corn throughout the country is only about one-third that of wheat, with the prospect of being considerably less than that until after another harvest at least, there comes with this condition of things an absolute necessity for a general use of the cheaper substitute, and a great many thousands of people living in ignorance of the excellencies of corn bread, cakes, pones, puddings, dodgers, hoe cakes, johnny cakes, etc., will do well to learn to make and like them. With the corn crop excessively large and potatoes abundant, not many people need go hungry, though the grain misers were to lay hold of and hoard up every bushel of wheat in the country.

Honey.

Being so little of a beeist that our lore in that line extends little beyond the ability to distinguish between a mud wasp and a humble bee, we have all along sagely kept our pen out of the bee embroglio that during these three years has occupied so large a space in several of our best agricultural journals. But two or three assertions made by professed beeologists, and a honey circumstance of the day before yesterday, tempt us for this once into a few remarks upon the subject.

More than a year ago, one of our popular bee savants, a long time quoted as first-class authority, remarking upon the instinct of the honey bee, made this unqualified declaration:—"In all tropical countries bees taught by acute instinct hoard up no stores of honey. Knowing that the bloom of flowers is perpetual, and no winter stores needed, they live from 'hand to mouth,' laying by nothing." And this declaration absolutely has gone the rounds, repeated in nearly all the first-class agricultural and scientific journals in the country.

We have been wondering if the author of that declaration, or one of all the editors who have read, clipped and copied it, ever had the query occur to them—What sort of insect can it be that gathers and lays up all the thousands of hogsheads of honey that Cuba exports annually? It is not made by the millions of flies that swarm in clouds about all the Cuban sugar mills.

We happen to know that bees *do* lay up honey in a good many tropical countries—Brazil, Bolivia, Peru, etc. Along the coast of Surinam and Marinham wild bees store away honey in quantities that would astonish our northern bee keepers. For hundreds of miles along the Orinoco above Angostura, so many cavities in trees are filled with honey stores of the wild bee that many cargoes of the material might be gathered without going very far from the river's bank.

Having heard the assertion made that really nice, pure honey in the comb could not be found at five places in the city of Philadelphia, day before yesterday morning early we set out in search, and after a four hours' pilgrimage, found *one* of the five, if there be five honey depots. The two small glass cases of comb, containing perhaps five pounds each, presented some very pretty honey certainly; but ninety-five cents per pound rather headed us on that tack, and we returned honeyless. The grocer who had the limited supply on sale declared he had paid *ninety* cents per pound for the sweet, bought all the man had, and it was little likely that he should be able to find any more good honey at any price.

All the way along the home stretch we were wondering, if honey will bring the producer ninety or even seventy-five cents per pound, whether honey making in all our near rural regions would not be one of the prettiest small speculations that farmers and farmers' wives can turn their attention to. The cost of preliminary stock and bee fixtures would be but trifling, the increase is rapid, the honey crop as a rule a reasonably sure one, and the bee being a free-booter, gathering his sweet stores at will and free of cost from all available sources within his limit of flight, the honey store becomes of course pretty nearly all clear gain to the proprietor.

These facts being apparent without argument, and another fact being that really nice honey will always sell at prices largely remunerative, our advice to every one having an acre homestead out in the country, is to procure a hive or two of bees as soon as possible, fix them up snug and comfortable for winter, and let them set to work in the spring, so that by three years from this date their dividends will have amounted to several hundred per cent. on investments, and we may have more than five places in the city of Philadelphia where first class honey in the comb can be had at something less than ninety-five cents per pound.

Gathered Grains.

——Many papers are reporting hog cholera as epidemic and generally fatal in several southern and western regions. Know nothing hog doctors and noxious nostrums are doubtless killing more swine than the cholera. The earliest indication of disease in hogs is a disinclination to eat. Taken in hand early, and dosed with an ounce of castor oil and half an ounce of sulphur stirred well together, two doses within ten hours will probably save the lives of ninety pig patients out of every hundred.

——Chicago shipped eastward in one week lately 72,283 barrels of flour and 648,326 bushels of wheat. Elevators, warehouses and mills everywhere are crammed full of breadstuffs, very little going abroad, and yet flour of fancy brands commands $17 per barrel at wholesale, lowest grades of super $8 to $9. Somebody besides consumers will get cramped one of these days.

——Prepare to plant more cranberries. The supply is not a quarter up to the demand yet—$14 to $16 per barrel for the berries and sixty to one hundred barrels to the acre makes cranberry culture a pretty profitable enterprise.

——Potatoes, in all the eastern regions, good and plenty. No rot, as was apprehended, and prices ranging from 30 to 50 cents per bushel.

——The Butte Co. Californians are going to send some two pound pears and immense oranges to the great Parisian fair—provided they happen to have them on hand long enough.

RECEIPTS.

French Soup.—A sheep's head and pluck boiled in a gallon of water until reduced to half the quantity; add a small teacupful of pearl barley, six large onions, one carrot, one turnip, a bunch of sweet herbs, a few cloves; season it to your taste; strain it when sufficiently boiled, put in two spoonsful of mushroom ketchup, thicken it with flour and butter, cut the best of the meat off the head into pieces, add white wine, forcemeat and eggballs, and it is little inferior to mock turtle. It will also make an excellent white soup, with the addition of cucumber ketchup instead of mushroom ketchup, two ounces of sweet almonds beaten to a paste, a little lemonpeel, and half a pint of good cream.

A Substitute for Eggs.—When eggs are only to be obtained at a fabulous price, it is stated, as a matter of general interest, that corn starch is an excellent substitute for eggs for culinary purposes, one spoonful of corn starch being reckoned as equal to a single egg.

Sweet Sandwiches.—Take four eggs, half a pound of pounded lump sugar, half a pound of fresh butter, and half a pound of flour. Beat the butter to cream, dust in the flour, and add the eggs well whisked; then beat with a fork for a quarter of an hour. Butter a tin, pour in half the mixture, and bake from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. Remove it from the tin, butter again, and add the other half of the mixture. Bake as before. When cool, spread jam thickly over one portion of the cake, place the other part over it, and cut it into whatever shape you please.

Rock Cakes.—Mix together one pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pound of currants or cherries, and four eggs, leaving out the whites of two; a little wine and candied lemonpeel are a great improvement.

Coffee Cream.—This is a delicate and agreeable dish for an evening entertainment. Dissolve one ounce and a quarter of isinglass in half a pint of water. Boil for two hours a teacupful of whole coffee in about half a pint of water (ground coffee is not so good for the purpose); add a teacupful to the melted isinglass. Put them into a saucepan with half a pint of milk, and let the whole boil up; sweeten with loaf sugar, and let it stand ten minutes to cool, then add a pint of good cream; stir it well up and pour it into a mould, and put it in a cool place to fix; turn it out on a glass dish before serving up.

Apple Souffle.—Pare and core five good sized apples, cut them small into a basin, put half a teacupful of water to them, cover them down, set them in the oven; when thoroughly cooked beat them into a pulp, with sugar to taste. Steam some rice, two tablespoonsful to one pint of milk, a little salt; steam about two hours (or boil, having previously soaked the rice); when cooked beat it up with the yolks of three eggs and sugar to taste. Put the rice evenly at the bottom of a dish, then cover all over nicely with the apples; beat the whites of eggs into snow, and put it roughly on the top like mountains. The white of eggs can be divided into portions, and slightly colored to please the fancy of the maker; when done, must be placed in a moderate oven for three minutes for the snow to set.

Chicken Feathers.—Have them carefully picked and cut from the quills and extreme top, placed in a ticking bag, and then baked until dry in a moderately cool oven. The feathers must be perfectly dry and free from anything that would soil them. This is an old-fashioned recipe.

THE RIDDLER.

Miscellaneous Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 4, 11, some animals have.
My 2, 9, 6, is an evergreen.
My 3, 2, 9, is a grain.
My 4, 5, 9, is to make available.
My 5, 8, 3, is a title of honor.
My 6, 3, 2, means crooked.
My 7, 4, 3, is very warm.
My 8, 1, 9, is good in summer.
My 9, 10, 7, is a fairy.
My 10, 3, 11, is a covering.
My 11, 9, 3, falls after sunset.
My whole is a name which will be conspicuous in history. E. J. G.
Bakerstown, Pa.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.
My 13, 21, 2, 26, 23, is the name of a church.
My 5, 14, 11, 23, 13, 8, is a planet.
My 4, 19, 9, is a woman's name.
My 1, 26, 15, all should love.
My 3, 18, 27, 7, is an article of apparel.
My 20, 24, 17, 25, 28, is a country.
My 10, 16, 12, 22, 21, 6, are worn by ladies sometimes.
My whole is the cry throughout the country.
"WATERFALL."

Riddle.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is in jump, but not in hop,
My second is in stand, but not in stop;
My third is in drink, but not in swallow,
My fourth is in lent, but not in borrow;
My fifth is in ringlet, but not in hair,
And my sixth is in blood, but not in fair;
My whole Americans all should be,
If they wish to be honored, great and free.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a lot enclosed by 50 panels of fence. Said lot will contain just 100 cows. How many more panels must I add that it may contain 200?
Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.
☞ An answer is requested.

Diophantine Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Find three such numbers that the sum of them may be both a square and a cube?
MORGAN STEVENS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A merchant bought a piece of cloth for £250 and 16 shillings. Now if the number of yards be added to the number of shillings he paid per yard, the sum will be 222. Required—the number of yards he bought, and the price he paid per yard. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.
☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Four equal circles touch each other externally, and cut off equal areas from a circle 20 rods in diameter. Required—the radii of the equal circles when the aggregate area cut off by them is a maximum.
ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is the letter U the gayest in the alphabet? Ans.—It is always in fun.

☞ When is a door more than a door? Ans.—When it is two (to.)

☞ Why is the east wind like a famous American painter? Ans.—Because it's bean (Ben) West.

☞ Why is the letter N like the figure 1 used in subtraction? Ans.—It makes one none.

☞ Why is the letter U the most unfortunate? Ans.—Because it's always in trouble and difficulty.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Thomas G. Stevenson. ENIGMA—"My name's Macbeth." MYTHOLOGICAL RIDDLE—Minerva (Melpomene—Isis—Nemesis—Echo—Rhadamanthus—Vesta—Apollo.) DOUBLE REBUS—Black and Brown (bulb—(liar—Arno—crow—Khan.)

To Our Correspondents.—We regret to say that our mathematical correspondents—who should be very accurate—are often very careless. Their problems should always be plainly stated, and both the problems and the answers very plainly and carefully written, so that our compositors can see at a glance what words and figures are intended. If a mathematician is not accurate, he is nothing.—*Editor.*

Funeral of a Bee.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald transmits the following: On Sabbath morning last I had the pleasure of witnessing a most interesting ceremony, which I desire to record for the benefit of your readers. While walking with a friend in a garden near Falkirk, we observed two bees issuing from one of the hives, bearing with them the body of a defunct comrade, with which they flew the distance of twelve yards. We followed them closely, and noted the care with which they selected a convenient hole at the side of the gravel walk; the tenderness with which they committed the body, head downward, to the earth; and the solicitude with which they afterward pushed against it two little stones, doubtless "in memoriam." Their task being ended, they paused for about a minute, perhaps to drop over the grave of their friend a sympathizing tear, and then they flew away to the hive.